

Aurleen Turbina



THE PILGRIM

Gloria Tracy
"43"



By Faith and Fortitude

THE PILGRIM

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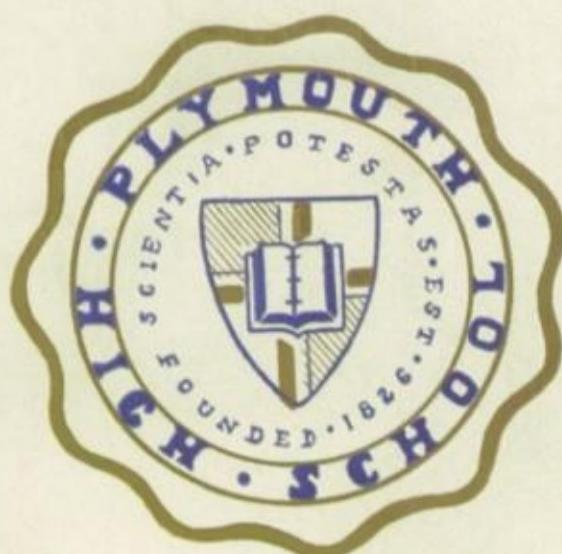
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Junior Features	- - - - -	RICHARD GAVONE
Sophomore Features	- - - - -	LORING BELCHER
Senior Poems	- - - - -	{ FRANCES JOHNSON MARIAN RADCLIFFE
Candid Camera	- - - - -	FRANCES DRETLER
Asst. Candid Camera	- - - - -	BERNARD KRITZMACHER
Typist	- - - - -	HELEN CORREA



THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
MR. ANSON B. HANDY



IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF FIFTEEN YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE SCHOOLS AND TO THE CHILDREN OF PLYMOUTH, AND IN RECOGNITION OF HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE PRESIDENCY OF HYANNIS STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE.





SENIORS

Thumb-nail Sketches

JOSEPH LAMBORGHINI... senior class president... is five feet eleven inches tall... has light hair, blue eyes... born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, on May 14, 1924.... has one real mania... delivering sales talks for Ford automobiles to the exclusion of all other makes, even Cadillacs... is "that way" over a certain officer of the Senior Class, said affliction becoming strangely apparent in Senior year.... conducts class meetings with great ease, after indicating, with not too much subtlety, his own opinion on the subject under discussion... likes chocolate ice cream, brunettes, and axle grease... official "stamper-upper" at P. H. S. basketball games.... also used typical Ford "zip" in getting advertisements for the "Pilgrim".... expert "par excellence" at putting chains on skidding ticket sales promotions... charged batteries occasionally for S. A. S.... furnished fuel, spark, and lubrication for success of Junior Promenade... ambition—to become an executive of the River Rouge Plant.



FREDERICK WIRZBURGER.. vice-president of the class of '41... possesses curly brown hair and brown eyes... five feet seven inches tall.... born in Plymouth on October 2, 1923... active member of S. A. S.... hobby—photography... a member of the inimitable "German Band".... enjoys playing his souzaphone, committee work, and long walks to and from school... gives promise of being an excellent agriculturist... his greatest dislike—an annoying Wendell Wilkie curl... has good sense of humor as shown by his excellent collection of jokes... is the student manager of the ten-cent-a-week plan.

MARY CREATI... popular secretary of our class.... five feet two inches tall with laughing brown eyes... friendly, attractive, busy in various ways... always finds time to chat about anything but automobiles... says she knows which is best... hobby—art... avocation—being talent scout for quaint, queer, and quixotic personalities.... is very efficient art editor for "Pilgrim"... served as secretary of our class for four consecutive years... is member of S. A. S.... likes water colors, asking questions, and "les blonds".... finds Woman's Club work interesting... ambition—to become a commercial artist... born in Plymouth on July 9, 1923.



GEORGE SHEA... efficient treasurer... he of the auburn hair and brown eyes... five feet ten inches to his credit... is secretary of S. A. S. and a banker of two years' experience... likes baseball, movie shows, and dance bands... very busy in the corridors during recess... most helpful usher... prefers colorful neckwear... pet peeve—jitterbugging to "In The Mood".... is a popular man with the ladies... born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, on September 23, 1923.

True Confessions

SENIOR

Alyce Agostinho
 Doris Anti
 Dorothy Bagni
 Pauline Barengo
 Caroline Barufaldi
 Harriet Bassett
 Doris Bernardoni
 Ruth Boutin
 Evelyn Boyle
 Rosa Bradley
 Margaret Brenner
 Evon Briggs
 Lorna Bugely
 Barbara Burt
 Benvinda Carvalho
 Florence Cornish
 Helen Correa
 Mary Creati
 Pamela Damment
 Thelma Dassman
 Teresa DeTrani
 Anne Donovan
 Patrice Dowd
 Frances Dretler
 Pasqualina Farina
 Agnes Fernandes
 Pauline Freyermuth
 Eleanor Gardner
 Joan Gardner
 Pauline Gilbert
 Argea Guidetti
 Marylew Haire
 Elenore Hall
 Virginia Hokinson
 Betty Howland
 Mary Iandoli
 Anna Jesse
 Frances Johnson
 Eleanor Joy
 Sylvia Keevey
 Mercy Kellen
 Frances Kierstead
 Harriette Klasky
 Barbara Knight
 Martha Lemius
 Mildred Lopresti
 Mary Marvelli
 Dorothy Morton
 Patricia O'Connell
 Betty Padlusky
 Laura Paoletti
 Alba Pasolini
 Deborah Perry
 Arlene Pirani
 Mary Quinlan

HAPPIEST WHEN

Arguing
 P. H. S. defeats Bridgewater
 In her musical moods
 Driving
 Performing a good deed
 She's out north
 She's not sad
 Eating
 On vacation
 Out of school
 Watching P. H. S. basketball games
 She has lots of money to spend
 It's 1:00
 Whitman calls
 Listening to swing music
 She's smiling
 Meeting new friends
 In a Ford car
 Dancing
 She has company
 She's dancing
 Eating
 Things are exciting
 She receives letters
 Singing a happy refrain
 Having an ice cream soda
 "High on a Windy Hill"
 Playing fullback
 Playing right halfback
 There's some excitement
 Vacation comes
 There's something to do
 He walks by
 Listening to Bob Eberle sing
 She behaves herself
 Reading
 Traveling
 She received her driving license
 Sleeping
 With a certain person
 Listening to Lansing Hatfield
 Bowling
 She gets "A" in bookkeeping
 At work
 In Kingston
 Singing
 She hears a certain something
 Playing the piano
 Day is done
 Reading
 All is well
 She's in Kingston
 Working in McClellan's
 Dancing a fast number
 In Boston

PET ANNOYANCE

Lending money
 Being called "Crisco"
 Writing poetry
 Bumpy roads
 History topics
 Missing the bus
 Candid camera fiends
 Alarm clock
 Report card
 Check tests
 Being called "Maggie"
 Getting up in the morning
 Conversation
 Blushing
 Biting fingernails
 Inquisitiveness
 Being "alone"
 Brown and Burgess
 Pipe smokers
 Brotherly love
 Being nagged
 White socks with black shoes
 Knuckle cracking
 Noise
 School girl actresses
 Oral topics
 Frogs
 Five and Ten Cent Stores
 Wearing rubbers
 Blushing
 Homelessons
 Confusion
 Snakes
 Oral topics
 Being called "Liz"
 Being teased
 Being kept waiting
 Being short
 Report card
 Dirty lockers
 Not being able to hear Lansing Hatfield
 Jitterbugs
 History
 Being called in the morning
 "Time" magazine
 Wearing stockings
 Bookkeeping class
 Homelessons
 Concentrating
 Notes
 Show-offs
 Onions
 Spitballs
 Boys who can't dance
 Oral topics

SENIOR

Marian Radcliffe
 Dorothy Raymond
 Edna Raymond
 Nancy Reagan
 Claire Reed
 Naomi Richman
 Blanche Roby
 Ardele Rogers
 Frances Rossetti
 Patricia Sampson
 Elizabeth Sanderson
 Alice Sears
 Barbara Shaw
 Florence Shaw
 Marie Shimmelbush
 Edith Skulsky
 Bernice Smith
 Esther Smith
 Mary Smith
 Dorothy Souza
 Augusta Stefani
 Barbara Sullivan
 Laura Sylvia
 Eleanor Tassinari
 Alice Tavernelli
 Rose Valenziano
 Leona Vannah
 Martha Vickery
 Barbara Viets
 Shirley Weeden
 Kathleen White
 Jean White
 Betty Whiting
 Helen Whiting
 Barbara Wood
 Hazel Wrightington
 Olive Wrightington
 Arthur Amaral
 Stanley Barnes
 Idore Benati
 Adelino Bernardo
 Raymond Bibeau
 Peter Brigida
 Vito Brigida
 Errington Brown
 Allan Burgess
 Charles Butterfield
 George Carter
 Wilbert Cingolani
 Clarence Cleveland
 Henry Walter Corrow
 Tony Costa
 Arthur Cotti
 Minot Devitt
 Richard DiStefano
 George Doten
 Robert Drew
 Charles Dunham
 Arthur Dupuis
 James Ferreira

HAPPIEST WHEN

Roaming the corridors
 Riding in a convertible coupe
 Eating
 Basketball season approaches
 Getting all "A's"
 The sun shines
 Making a new acquaintance
 Doing nothing
 Vacation comes
 Listening to Frank Sinatra
 She has her homelessons done
 The baker comes
 Dreaming
 Riding in an Indiana coupe
 Dancing
 Getting a new outfit
 Sleeping
 She has money
 No homelessons to do
 In Bristol, R. I.
 On a horse
 Buying new clothes
 Watching a Ford go by
 In Amesbury
 Not alone
 Dancing
 She's sleeping
 Writing letters
 People call her Barby, not Betty
 Buying clothes
 Riding in a Ford V-8
 Sleeping
 Flowers bloom in spring
 Playing goalee
 Having her own way
 Dancing
 Buying clothes
 Riding around town
 You guess!
 Laughing
 Sports
 Dancing
 On a basketball court
 Sleeping
 Graduation comes
 Driving a Ford
 Out sailing
 At a football game
 She walks by
 Listening
 Singing in close harmony
 Playing the cornet
 Playing baseball
 Out hunting
 Playing with a good band
 Sleeping
 In Wellesley Hills
 Sleeping
 Quitting time
 In New York

PET ANNOYANCE

French book reports
 History
 Being teased
 Being called "Shanks"
 Oral topics
 When it starts to rain unexpectedly
 Driving slowly
 Work
 Squealers
 Being called "Red"
 Tests
 The telephone
 Youngsters
 Her height
 Being teased
 Impudent children
 Blushing
 Sarcasm
 Surprise tests
 Her height
 Owls
 Freckles
 Too much competition
 Snobs
 Getting up in the morning
 Blushing
 Wisecracks
 Her fiddle
 To have people speak about her accident
 Thunderstorms
 Homework
 Getting up early
 Stenography
 Goals!
 Drafts
 Red hair
 English
 Running out of gas
 Blushing at the wrong time
 Frowning
 Quick temper
 Going to bed
 Rustlers invading his locker
 School
 Carrying the trays
 A "Willys"
 Most girls
 Clarence's overcoat
 Getting up early
 Algebra
 8 o'clock bell
 Girls
 Flashy neckties
 Writing poetry
 Brass men in band
 French oral topics
 Girls
 Hollis
 Brunettes
 A red head

SENIOR

Harold Gallerani
 Edmund Gianferrari
 Joseph Giovanetti
 Louis Giovanetti
 John Hammer
 Boyd Hayward
 Joseph Lamborghini
 Weldon LaVoie
 Bernard Lexner
 Theodore Lodi
 Norman Longhi
 Wallace MacLean
 Alfred Martin
 Martin McAuley
 Christian Miranda
 Alvin Montanari
 Warren Neal
 Wesley Nickerson
 Donald Parsons
 William Po
 Edward Ribeiro
 Lee Roane
 Stanley Roberts
 Louis Scalabroni
 Curtis Shaw
 John Shaw
 George Shea
 Francis Stas
 Dean Stevens
 Harold Strassel
 Donald Studley
 Richard Toupin
 Edward Travers
 William Vickery
 Frederick Wirzburger
 Richard Wood

HAPPIEST WHEN

When left alone
 Boston Bruins win
 Driving
 Swinging a hot one
 Bowling
 Gunning
 Selling a Ford
 In cooking class
 When dozing
 Cooking with Shaw
 There's a good band on the radio
 He's eaten a good dinner
 Among friends
 On the gridiron
 Being a sheik
 Taking pictures
 On a weenie roast
 Driving
 Spring comes
 Playing baseball
 Playing football
 Seeing a good movie
 It's 1:00 p. m.
 Riding in a plane
 Eating
 Hunting
 Down at O. C. T.
 Playing the trombone
 Camping at Fresh Pond
 Sports
 Getting a raise
 Riding in a Ford coupe
 With the "boys"
 Playing baseball or fishing
 Doing something
 Driving

PET ANNOYANCE

Christmas neckties
 History notebooks
 Back-seat drivers
 Geometry
 No money
 Missing aim
 Walter and Oldsmobiles
 "Pinky's" corny sayings
 Setting up pins
 When the Dodge boils over
 90% of the girls
 All dressed up and no place to go
 Sneaks
 Freshman girls
 Easy work
 Poor pictures
 Hard work
 Stenography
 Relatives
 Mr. Packard's vocabulary
 Snobs
 Below 80°
 Woman drivers
 Doing nothing
 Homelessons
 Testing cars
 Strikes
 A sour note
 Hitting telephone poles
 His brother
 Participial phrases
 Getting up early
 When it's quiet
 White shoes
 Too many girls
 "Hamlet"

IN TRIBUTE

IN each senior high school in the state the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution requests the graduating class and the faculty to name the Best Girl Citizen in the Class of 1941. The candidate must possess the following four qualities of character to an outstanding degree—dependability, service, leadership, and patriotism.

This honor has been awarded to Dorothy Morton, who, ever since she entered Plymouth High School, has shown her classmates and teachers that she is worthy of the title.

In her sophomore year she was president of her home room, served on committees for the Double L Dance and Sophomore Dance, and participated in the P. H. S.—Capades. While a junior, Dorothy was a member of the refresh-

ment committee and an usher for the Junior Promenade, later serving as an usher at the Graduation Exercises and Senior Reception. This year, as a senior, she has taken active part in the sale of tuberculosis seals, worked on the committee for the Senior Dance, been a Council Representative in the Student Activities Society, and pianist for the operetta "Martha" sponsored by the Society. During her three years in high school she has also played the piano at assemblies, been literary editor for the school annual, and participated in basketball, badminton, hockey, and bowling.

Always dependable, always a good leader, she was our natural choice for this honor. The entire school supports the selection of Dorothy Morton as the best girl citizen of the Class of 1941.

RUTH BOUTIN '41

*No record here of things they've done;
We only seek to have some fun.*

ALYCE AGOSTINHO

Though Alyce is a jolly girl,
Her temper is quick to flare,
Please be careful what you
say—
Or you'll wish that you weren't
there.



ARTHUR AMARAL

Want a poem recited?
Someone to sing or cheer?
For any of these duties
Arthur will volunteer.



DORIS ANTI

She thought she was more
than pleasingly plump,
So she went upon a diet;
Now that the result has been
observed,
There are others who would
try it.



DOROTHY BAGNI

Her lightest word would be
our law
With a new technique,
If she'd have her way with us,
She must let her 'cello speak.



PAULINE BARENGO

Posters there, posters here!
She made them throughout all
the year;
In fact, her fingers flew so fast
They triumphed o'er her
tongue at last.



STANLEY BARNES

Don't be disarmed
By his gentle smile:
He can do battle
If he thinks it worth while.



CAROLINE BARUFALDI

Knowing she could not have
wings,
She considered many things—
Then fastened on her roller
skates
To win hands down o'er her
classmates.

HARRIET BASSETT

She's forever busy
From eight o'clock to one,
Ask from her a favor—
And it's as good as done.

IDORE BENATI

If someone versatile you'd
meet,
In studies bright, in football
fleet,
Just send for "Mac", he's hard
to beat.

ADELINO BERNARDO

First he pauses, then he shoots
From the middle of the floor;
He's made another basket
To bolster up our score.

DORIS BERNARDONI

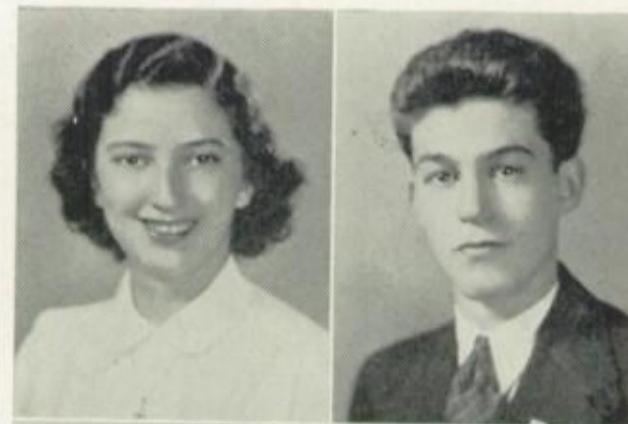
There'll be shadow and sun for
everyone
As the years roll by,
But she'll meet whate'er may
come
With her head held high.

RAYMOND BIBEAU

In school you rarely hear him,
He's the quietest of boys,
But wait until he gets out-
side—
Then harken to the noise.

RUTH BOUTIN

She studies in the morning,
She studies through the night—
Even if she tried to miss,
She'd answer questions right.



VITO BRIGIDA

The best time in all the year?
Winter is his season—
Not that he's so rugged,
Basketball's the reason.

EVELYN BOYLE

Hazel eyes
And auburn hair
Conspire to make
A lady fair.



ERRINGTON BROWN

Brownie's full of mischief
In and out of school.
But "Lend a hand to others"
Has always been his rule.

ROSA BRADLEY

The price of time and patience
She will gladly pay
Because she can be satisfied
With nothing less than A.



LORNA BUGELY

She has need of a strong right
arm,
Not that she would fight—
It must support the pile of
books
That she carries home each
night.

MARGARET BRENNER

On the charge that she can't
sew,
The modern girl's indicted:
To show the falsity of this
Margaret's herewith cited.



ALLAN BURGESS

Chemistry or physics
He simply can't resist:
Can it be we harbor
An embryo scientist?

EVON BRIGGS

She may not be in Hollywood,
But our Oscar she has won
For the nicest disposition
In the Class of '41.



BARBARA BURT

She'll cool your fever,
Soothe your brow—
That is, she will
When she's learned how.

PETER BRIGIDA

At the game in Randolph
No one of us grieved
When some fourteen points
Our Peter achieved.

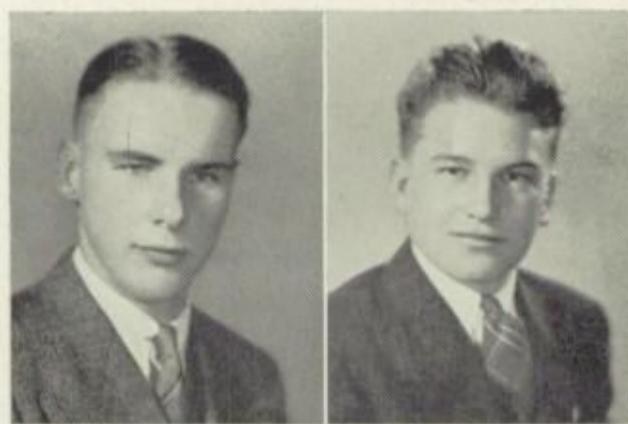


CHARLES BUTTERFIELD

Judging Charles by what he
says,
And we're not sure we can,
The fairer sex must mend its
ways—
Or he'll live a single man.

GEORGE CARTER

If you desire a fine oration
Delivered with exuberance
We have some inside information:
George excels in declamation.



BENVINDA CARVALHO

"Benny" is industrious:
When school is over, then
She hustles off to go to work
In the "Five and Ten."



WILBERT CINGOLANI

If ever you see Willie
Looking very blue,
It's safe to bet the New York
Yanks
Have lost a game or two.



CLARENCE CLEVELAND

Though Clarence towers above
us all,
He's not the one to spurn the
call
Of friend in trouble or de-
spair—
Whene'er we need him, Cleevy's
there.



FLORENCE CORNISH

She came from Arizona
To our stern and rock-bound
coast:
We hope that here she'll find
whate'er
In life she prizes most.



HELEN CORREA

If there are more patient girls,
We haven't met them yet—
As staff typist on **The Pilgrim**
She has placed us in her debt.



WALTER CORROW

"Service brings its own re-
ward,"
The copy books proclaim;
And if there's one boy who
should know,
Corrow is his name.

TONY COSTA

He plays third trumpet
In Morgardo's Band;
When he does a solo,
He gets a good hand.

ARTHUR COTTI

Breaches in friendship
He can prevent
By using his father's
Famous cement.

MARY CREATI

A penalty that's often paid
By clever girls like you
Is that others tend to give
You far too much to do.

PAMELA DAMMENT

Columbus found America
In fourteen ninety-two;
We're very glad he did this
So that we could welcome you.

THELMA DASSMAN

We would pay tribute
To earnest endeavor—
She has worked faithfully,
Faltering never.

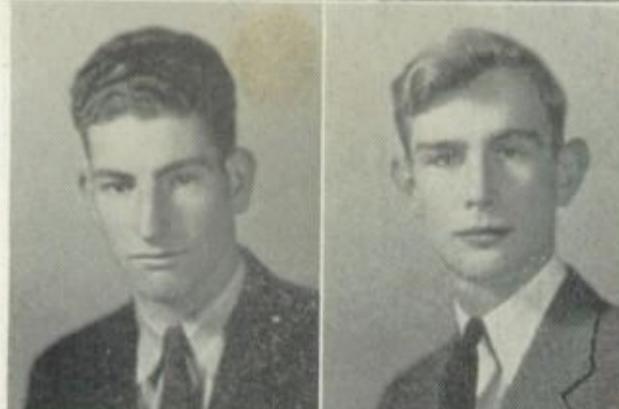
TERESA DE TRANI

Teresa, we have found you
An artist through and through;
You've served us in so many
ways
We've only praise for you.



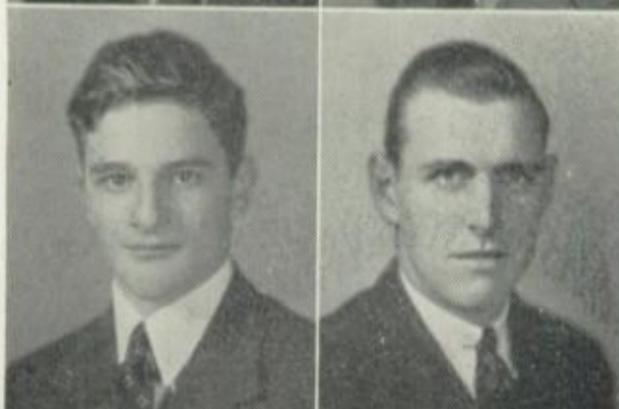
MINOT DEVITT

He keeps his own counsel,
He goes his own way
Doing what must be done
Faithfully each day.



RICHARD DiSTEFANO

You play the piano
With such little ado
It's well there are studies
To challenge you.



ANNE DONOVAN

We've been led astray
By what people say:
She has the red hair
But bad temper's not there—
We've been led astray.



GEORGE DOTEN

We know that Latin IV you
took,
Your excellence we couldn't
brook
Until at last we solved the
riddle—
Your old friend, Nero, played
the fiddle.



PATRICE DOWD

Yesterday we knew the knight
Who wore her token on his
shield—
But now that a few hours have
passed,
He's vanquished from the field.



FRANCES DRETLER

We think it matters little
Whether you're short or tall,
When your stature is not
great,
You don't have far to fall.

ROBERT DREW

His interest in the feminine
Now extends to ships,
It's possible that "The Sha-
dow"
Will the rest eclipse.

CHARLES DUNHAM

Not on Burns and Allen,
Not on Bergen's son—
We depend on one of our own
For the laughs in '41.

ARTHUR DUPUIS

You said it took real energy
To keep up with '41—
We're glad you didn't leave us
Before the race was run.

PASQUALINA FARINA

Quiet of manner,
Quiet of speech—
Ready to learn all
The textbooks can teach.

AGNES FERNANDES

If she guarded her tongue
Like her "man" in a game,
We'd have it more quiet,
We hereby proclaim.

JAMES FERREIRA

We've looked at him from time
to time
And prayed hard—for we
feared
We'd see him some fine morn-
ing
Wearing a full beard.



PAULINE FREYERMUTH

We wonder what's in King-
ston
That each night draws her
there.
It couldn't be the ball game,
So it must be a ballplayer.



HAROLD GALLERANI

"So tight he kept his lips com-
pressed
Scarce any words came
through,"
Sorry, Harold, our mistake—
These lines are **not** for you.



ELEANOR GARDNER

She can't understand girls
Who're languid in gym,
To her it's the one place
To get excited in.



JOAN GARDNER

She can wield a stick
Or toss a ball,
Then write a column
About it all.



EDMUND GIANFERRARI

That he has a nose for news
No one of us can doubt;
In Mrs. Raymond's News Tests
He puts us all to rout.



PAULINE GILBERT

Last June at Commencement
Pauline lost a friend,
But the loss proved one of
those
The passing of time could
mend.

JOSEPH GIOVANETTI

His whistle and chatter
In Room 303
Are wont to disturb
Our serenity.

LOUIS GIOVANETTI

Louis plays his trumpet well,
His orchestra leads with zeal—
If you're in a dancing mood,
His music will appeal.

ARGEA GUIDETTI

While some girls forego sun-
daes
For fear of gaining weight,
This is at least one sacrifice
She need not contemplate.

MARYLEW HAIRE

We harbor the suspicion
That she's not always quiet,
But we cannot picture her
As leader in a riot.

ELENORE HALL

Tinkle! Tinkle! hear them fall
Gently as the rain—
In Mrs. Raymond's English
class
She picks up pearls again.

JOHN HAMMER

If you but hesitate, you're lost
When Johnnie Hammer you
accost,
To beat him to the door we've
tried—
But John is speed personified.



BOYD HAYWARD

He seems to like our company;
But when all is said and done,
If he had to make a choice,
We'd lose to dog and gun.



VIRGINIA HOKINSON

Obese we fear
She'll never be—
Though she eats
Sweets constantly.



BETTY HOWLAND

Betty always bustles in
At one minute before eight:
She's hardly ever early,
Still—almost never late.



MARY IANDOLI

We know what your ambition
is,
May you reach your goal;
Another Nightingale you'd be,
Revered from pole to pole.



ANNA JESSE

First the squeal,
Then a wriggle;
Knowing Anna,
We wait for the giggle.



FRANCES JOHNSON

She battled shamelessly with
us
To get these poems done;
But before you lies the proof
That her tactics won.

ELEANOR JOY

This girl has
A favorite song—
She warbles "Sylvia"
All day long.

SYLVIA KEEVEY

From her no hysterical giggle,
No piteous moan or groan—
Such exhibitionism
She will not condone.

MERCY KELLEN

If on Major Bowes' hour
You should sing a song,
With that lovely voice of yours
You'd never get the gong.

FRANCES KIERSTEAD

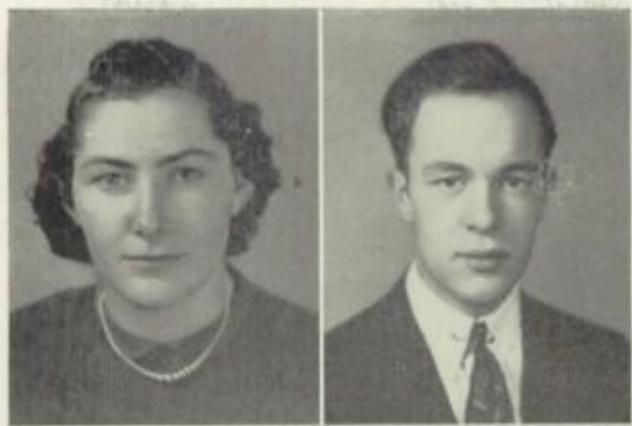
In truth it can be said of her
She works as hard as she
plays—
We're conscious of her pres-
ence
In numerous pleasant ways.

HARRIETTE KLASKY

No one could dress hurriedly
And look so very right,
She must plan what clothes
she'll wear
Before she rests at night.

BARBARA KNIGHT

Her heart's desire
She should attain
Because she tries,
Then tries again.



JOSEPH LAMBORGHINI

You made for us a leader fine,
As president you toed the
line—
But, if that job had not existed,
As super salesman you'd be
listed.



WELDON La VOIE

For choosing clothes and wear-
ing them
Weldon has a flair,
He can tell you, if he will,
What the well-dressed man
should wear.



MARTHA LEMIUS

Salvos of laughter,
An exchange of jokes—
Beware of Martha's
Vigorous pokes.



BERNARD LEXNER

We'd like to see you do it
Just to prove it can be done;
Approach the school with
measured gait
And not upon the run.



THEODORE LODI

He is no melancholy Dane—
He quiet agrees with Brown-
ing:
At the problems of the day
There is no sense in frowning.



NORMAN LONGHI

He's drummer boy of '41!
With a Krupa composition
And all the practicing he's
done
He should give competition.

MILDRED LOPRESTI

Teeth like gleaming pearls,
Hair like raven's wings—
Though the similes are trite,
She has both these things.

WALLACE MacLEAN

He conserves his energies
Until the recess bell,
For then he has a thing to do
That he must do well.

ALFRED MARTIN

The story's written on his face
For all who care to read;
He's glad to lend a helping
hand
Wherever there is need.

MARY MARVELLI

We've examined her by X-ray:
We report that we can't find
A single lazy particle
In body or in mind.

MARTIN McAULEY

Through our trackless corri-
dors
He ranges far and wide:
We haven't yet seen Silver,
But Bill Po's at his side.

CHRISTIAN MIRANDA

When we interviewed this senior,
He didn't mind confessing
There's little in this life of ours
That he finds too depressing.



ALVIN MONTANARI

On sober second thought we feel
We should have let him act—
As our class photographer—
We've shown a lack of tact.



DOROTHY MORTON

People like us appreciate
A person just like you,
We hereby publicly proclaim
We think that you're true blue.



WARREN NEAL

Our Warren's not particular,
But one thing makes him sad—
It's when the boys forget the "Brud"
And call him "Fat"! Egad!



WESLEY NICKERSON

She may creak and she may groan,
But she condescends to start—
Though she is no gay young thing,
She has captured Wesley's heart.



PATRICIA O'CONNELL

May the years be powerless
Her smile to erase;
For we have found joy
In her radiant face.



BETTY PADLUSKY

The girls all envy
Her complexion;
In their opinion
It's perfection.

LAURA PAOLETTI

She dribbles down the hockey field
With a look of concentration,
Her name heads the Honor Roll—
We admire determination.

DONALD PARSONS

He once was "Casanova Don"
With sweethearts by the scores,
But then the right girl came along—
And now he's scrubbing floors!

ALBA PASOLINI

Writing notes in study hall
Is Alba's specialty;
She'll pass one any time she thinks
The teacher cannot see.

DEBORAH PERRY

She does not choose the easy way,
Let the weak and weary ride—
To her work and back again
She walks with vigorous stride.

ARLENE PIRANI

Christmas spirit was in the air,
Christmas bells were in her hair—
Since the season now is gone,
Colored bows her locks adorn.

WILLIAM PO

He has a repertoire of jokes
The glum heart to delight,
He is just the person
To make a dark day bright.



MARY QUINLAN

We don't think our Mary contrary;
In fact, she always has been
Very willing to tell us the news—
And it costs us never a pin.



MARIAN RADCLIFFE

When the girls stroll out for hockey,
You're always with the rest—
You surprised your coach and team-mates,
You rate—one of the best.



DOROTHY RAYMOND

You can wield a pen or pencil
And produce a likeness true,
The ease with which you do it
Makes us envious of you.



EDNA RAYMOND

○ Plymouth girls,
How we do sing
And praise the work
Of our "right wing"!



NANCY REAGAN

A tisket, a tasket
She made another basket,
When Nancy wears that naive grin,
We expect again to win.



CLAIRE REED

Though you search the class from A to Z,
We think you won't find one
Who'll stick more closely to a task
Until it is well done.

EDWARD RIBEIRO

We've seen him in the classroom,
We've seen him on the street—
And from our observations
His style is hard to beat.

NAOMI RICHMAN

"Naomi, be still
For once and for all"—
This sounds familiar
In our study hall.

LEE ROANE

He helps prepare his classmates
For a detail test
By asking all the questions
He thinks will serve them best.

STANLEY ROBERTS

Stan's an unassuming chap
Who studies hard, 'tis true,
But with that sober air there is
A touch of humor, too.

BLANCHE ROBY

We've lived through many changes
In our high school days,
But the brightness of her smile
Has been with us always.

ARDELE ROGERS

When her children go to school
And laugh and shout and sing,
We only hope she won't forget
She did the selfsame thing.



FRANCES ROSSETTI

"Be bright and cheerful,"
That's her creed—
Live up to her motto
If you would succeed.



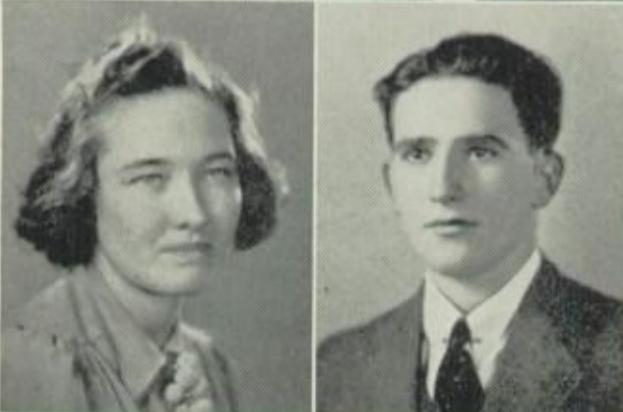
PATRICIA SAMPSON

When a poet speaks of woman's hair
As her crowning glory,
He can have but one in mind
As the subject of his story.



ELIZABETH SANDERSON

Betty, you think, is very shy
Until you know her well—
Then you'll find she's lots of fun
As all her friends can tell.



LOUIS SCALABRONI

"Wrangler" bought a Pontiac,
His one and only love—
Don't you dare to touch that car
If you haven't on a glove.



ALICE SEARS

Some think her sedate,
But we wouldn't know why—
For she has a greeting
For each passerby.



BARBARA SHAW

Rushing here, dashing there,
Through the corridors she'll tear—
Wait a minute! This won't fit!
Barbara's just the opposite.

CURTIS SHAW

The leopard may not change his spots
But he does something like it—
To recognize this boy at 1:00
The observer must be psychic.

FLORENCE SHAW

She takes time to be pleasant,
And that pays dividends—
For now she's added all of us
To her host of friends.

JOHN SHAW

On the absentee sheet
We predict without fear
At least once a week
His name will appear.

GEORGE SHEA

Our faith in him is justified:
We thought he had the power
To part us from our money
Without our feeling dour.

MARIE SHIMMELBUSH

She's a fugitive from History IV,
It's hot upon her trail,
The thought of being captured
Makes Marie turn pale.

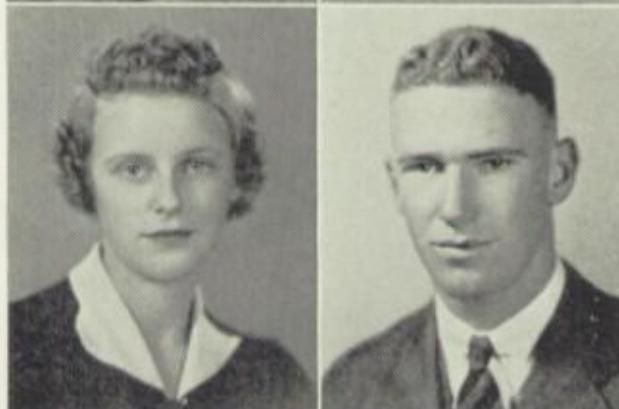
EDITH SKULSKY

When school is done,
For home she'll run
To don her slacks—
She must relax.



BERNICE SMITH

We seldom see her talking,
She seems to us most shy—
She concentrates on other
things:
Report cards do not lie.



ESTHER SMITH

She's simple and sweet
And très, très petite;
To her Stewart's acting
Is life's greatest treat.



MARY SMITH

Her vigilance is eternal,
Her eye is keen and clear—
While she's serving as librarian,
No book will disappear.



DOROTHY SOUZA

Seated each day at her typewriter,
She merrily taps the keys
And accomplishes her purpose
With comparative grace and ease.



FRANCIS STAS

All that you do
We may not condone,
But we have only praise
When you play the trombone.



AUGUSTA STEFANI

She thinks more of landscapes
Than many seniors do,
In fact, she stands on Prospect
Hill
Just to enjoy the view.

DEAN STEVENS

We cover our eyes
So we don't have to look
At Dean in an apron
Ready to cook.

HAROLD STRASSEL

In basketball, football,
And baseball, too,
The honor of good sport
Goes straight to you.

DONALD STUDLEY

To our success at sleuthing
We do not point with pride,
For he must have at least one
fault
That cannot be denied.

BARBARA SULLIVAN

Riotous colors in sweaters
Make her senses reel—
For her only the pastels
Have the least appeal.

LAURA SYLVIA

We'll lift the lid on one thing
And let you take a peek:
If you would meet a charming
miss,
You need no further seek.

ELEANOR TASSINARI

She bowled a score of ninety,
And sighed with great relief—
The second string was lower,
Her victory was brief.



MARTHA VICKERY

The Muse of Poetry and Song
Might well have been her
nurse;
Today she can provide us
With music or with verse.

ALICE TAVERNELLi

Very politely we asked her to
sing—
"Practice Makes Perfect" was
our first choice:
Very politely Alice replied,
"I subscribe to the title—but
haven't the voice."



WILLIAM VICKERY

Time after time
We knock them down,
But you set them up
Without a frown.

RICHARD TOUPIN

The Carver road
Needs much repair:
But even the old one
Will get you there.



BARBARA VIETS

Stockings and sweaters
So quickly go!
Barbie's a knit-wit;
That we all know!

EDWARD TRAVERS

He has a sense of humor rare,
Of that we're very well a-
ware—
Don't think his hearty laughs
are bold,
A very funny joke's been told.

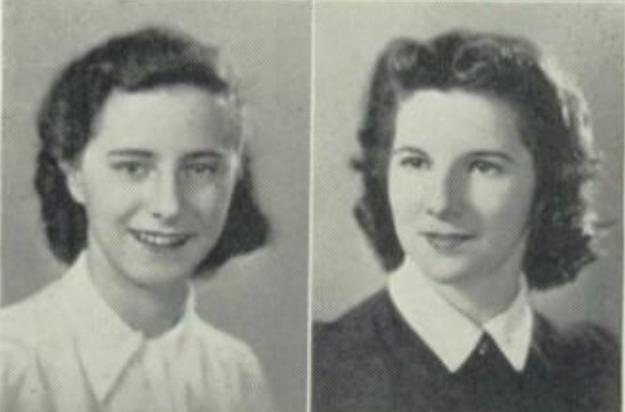


SHIRLEY WEEDEN

At a game or movie
She has a stature such
That, unlike her midget sisters,
She's not bothered much.

ROSE VALENZIANO

When she really hits her
stride,
She can talk at such a rate
We feel the need of a machine
Her speed to calculate.



KATHLEEN WHITE

"Kathleen is a twin!" we say,
And skeptical looks we bear—
For all they have in common
Is the color of their hair.

LEONA VANNAH

We can safely
Trust her tongue:
In the middle
It is not hung.



NORMA JEAN WHITE

School is no place of wrath and
tears
But a place to work—
And this obligation
She's not inclined to shirk.

BETTY WHITING

As soothing as a gentle rain,
As sweet as budding flower—
With her disposition
She needs no other dower.



HELEN WHITING

She makes herself useful
In more ways than one,
And she handles assignments
As if they were fun.



FREDERICK WIRZBURGER

At the risk of seeming greedy
We wish that we possessed
A hundredth part of all the
dimes
We've paid at his behest.



OLIVE WRIGHTINGTON

A fleeting smile,
A friendly eye—
A modest miss
Is passing by.

THE CROSSROADS OF LIFE

*As we start upon our journey
At the crossroads of our life,
Some may fail and others conquer
In the stress of earthly strife.*

*In our lives let's live with kindness,
Acts of love will calm our fears—
What we sow in life's bright
springtime
We shall reap in later years.*

*At the portals of the future
We now stand in silence awed—
All our cherished hopes' fulfillment
Rests within the palm of God.*

*Let us live that each tomorrow
Find our race with courage
run—
When we pass to realms of glory,
May the greeting be "Well
Done."*

MARY QUINLAN '41

BARBARA WOOD

If Hedy Lamarr is your ideal,
You needn't take it so hard:
For here we've found her
counterpart
Right in our own backyard.

RICHARD WOOD

We have a milkman in our
class,
His product's of the best—
Were he himself inspected,
"Rick", too, would pass the
test.

HAZEL WRIGHTINGTON

Our attempts at reformation
Have left us quite forlorn:
The load of conversation
By others must be borne.



PILGRIM STAFF

Front Row: Jeanette Franks, Pasqualina Farina, Mary Creati, Laura Paoletti, Joseph Lamborghini, Mrs. Raymond, Walter Corrow, Dorothy Morton, Frances Johnson, Barbara Viets, and Anna Scotti
Second Row: Betty Whiting, Joan Gardner, Anne Richards, Mercy Kellen, Mary Anderson, Martha Vickery, Anne Donovan, Lydia Mongan, Marian Radcliffe, Marcia Brooks, Naomi McNeil, Florinda Leal, Faith Millman, and Helen Correa
Third Row: George Canucci, Bernard Kitzmacher, Roger Whiting, Stanley Roberts, Richard Gavone, David Hamilton, Edwin Bastoni, Richard Kearsley, Loring Belcher, Peter Brigida, Benjamin Brewster, and George Doten



HONOR GROUP

Front Row: Dorothy Souza, Helen Correa, Rosa Bradley, Mrs. Raymond, Frances Johnson, Laura Paoletti, and Alice Tavernelli
Second Row: Mary Iandoli, Marian Radcliffe, Augusta Stefani, Martha Vickery, Maryleew Haire, Evon Briggs, Martha Lemius, Bernice Smith, and Dorothy Morton
Third Row: Edmund Gianferrari, Idore Benati, Ruth Boutin, Nancy Reagan, Alvin Montanari, and George Doten

Teacher Sponsor

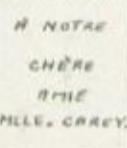
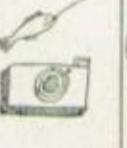
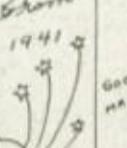
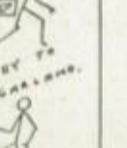
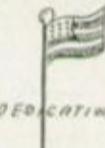
MRS. MIRIAM RAYMOND

Founded 1923

21 Members

CLASS HISTORY MADE EASY

SEPT. OCT. NOV. DEC. JAN. FEB. MAR. APR. MAY JUNE

1938 to 1939	STUDIOS 	FOOTBALL 	SPORTS 	OUT OF THE EAST 	BANKING 	INTRODUCED 	P.S. CAPADES 	HOP 	SPRING 	VACATION 	WE SUSPECT 	THAT MISS HUMPHREY WILL BE CHARMING HER NAME SOON. 	AMERICAN FOLK FESTIVAL 
1939 to 1940	JOVIAL 	MIS MUGGLE ARRIVES 	DOUBLE D DANCE 	BAND 	BU REVOIR A NOTRE CHÈRE MÈRE MILLE. CAREY. 	MPD 	WHAT A Boring STATE OF AFFAIRS! 	WHAT NOT TIME! 	JUNIOR GROW 1941 	GOOD-BYE MR. GARLAND. 	WELCOME TO THE FILE 		
1940 to 1941	SENIORS 	SENIOR PATRIOTIC DANCE 	DEDICATION OF THE NEW FLAGPOLE 	HOLD THAT POSE! 	ORATORICAL CONTEST 	HOLLYWOOD 	COSTUME DANCE "Martha" 	45 	THE END OF THE TRAIL 				

THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKS

IN this space last year I wrote about courage, the quality which guarantees other traits of character, the quality without which other traits, no matter how admirable in themselves, may become mere parodies of themselves. Let me repeat what I said then that you may understand more clearly what I have in mind.

"Without courage tact may be no more than cowardice; forbearance, weakness; generosity, a covert form of bribery. And strength without courage may become mere contemptible bullying."

The happenings of the past year have underscored those words in such a way that I want to write for this graduating class about another quality so closely related to courage that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other.

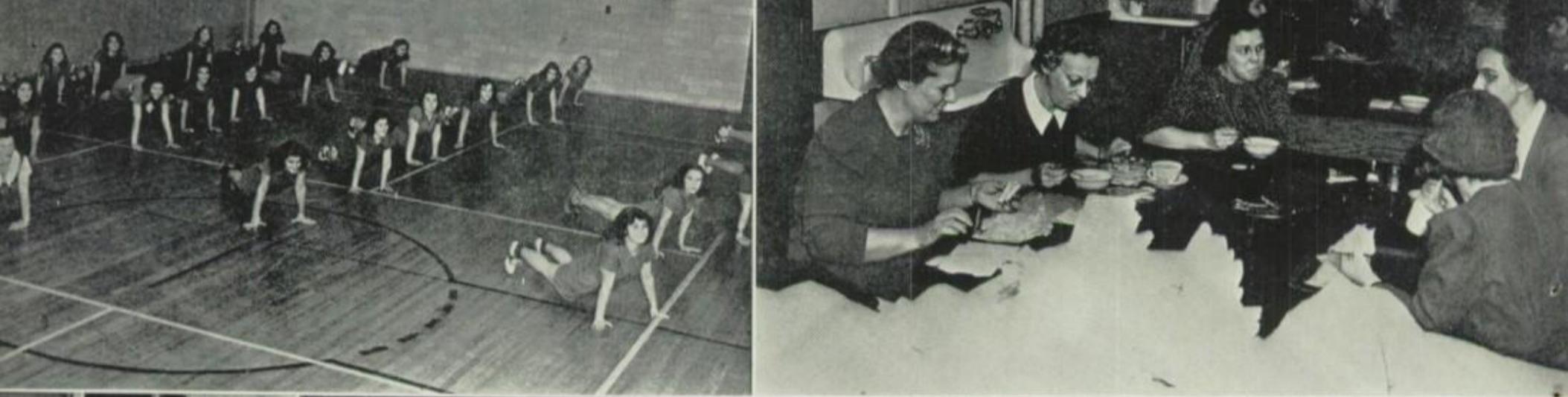
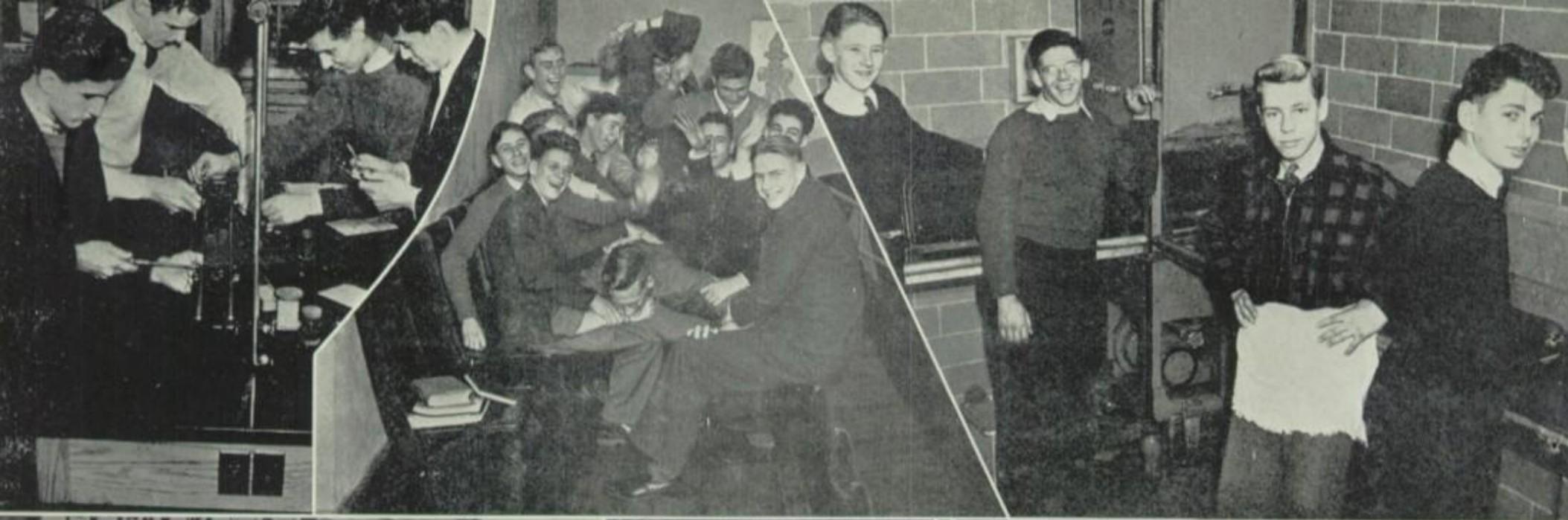
In some respects this quality may be considered the very heart of courage itself. It is difficult to conceive of courage (except as physical bravery) without assuming the existence of this other quality as a prerequisite. However, to separate this quality from courage (even if it can be done satisfactorily) is not necessary to an understanding of its importance or an appreciation of its fundamental worth in the human make-up. After all, it may be the twin of

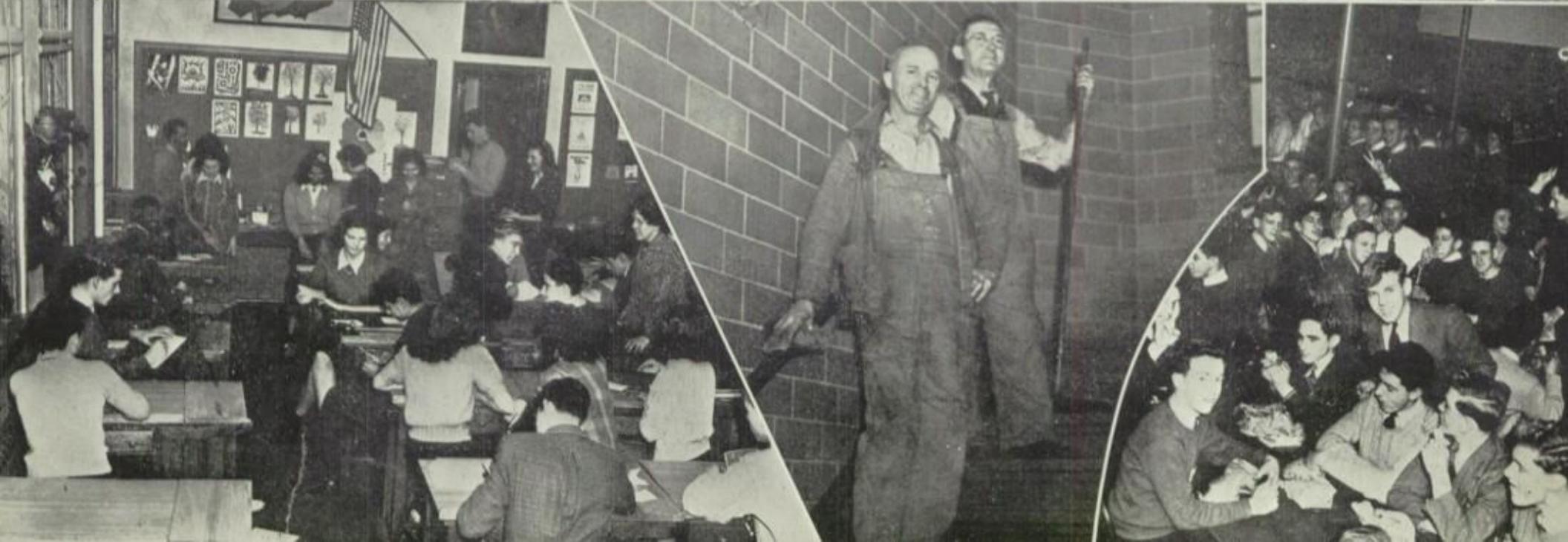
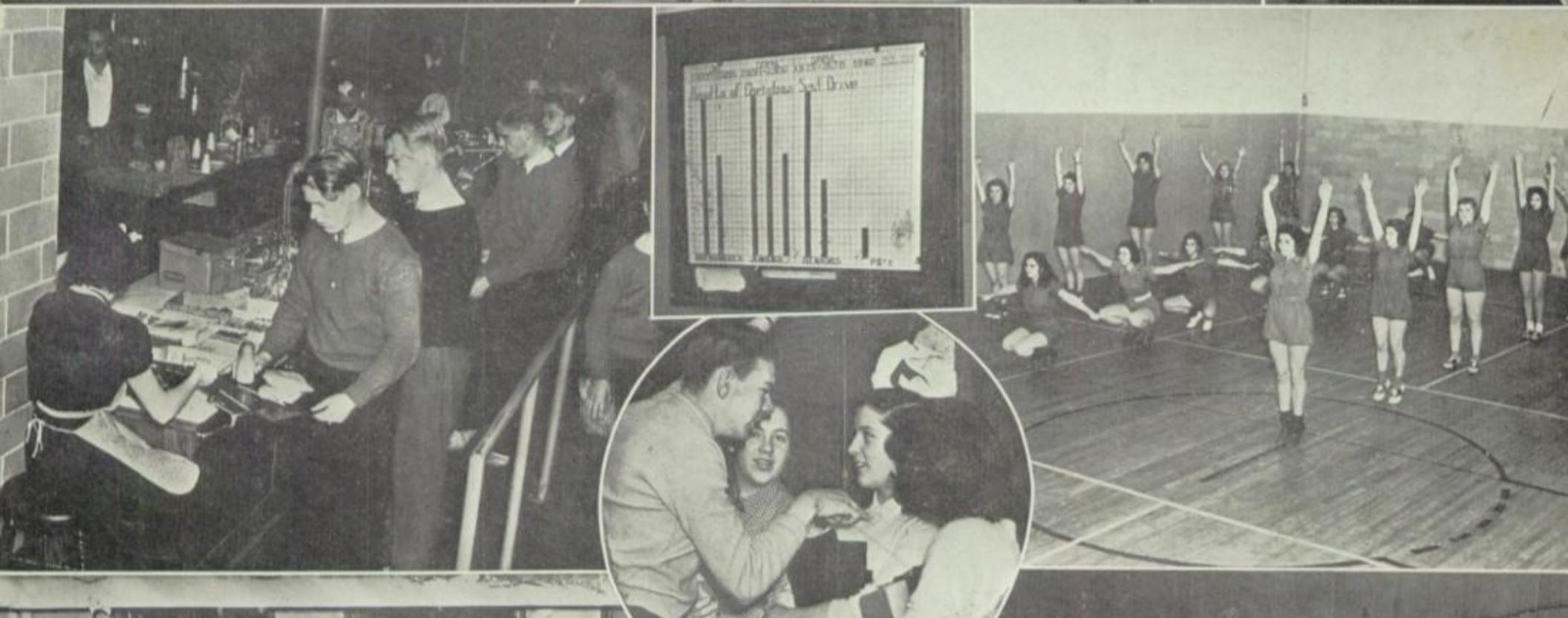
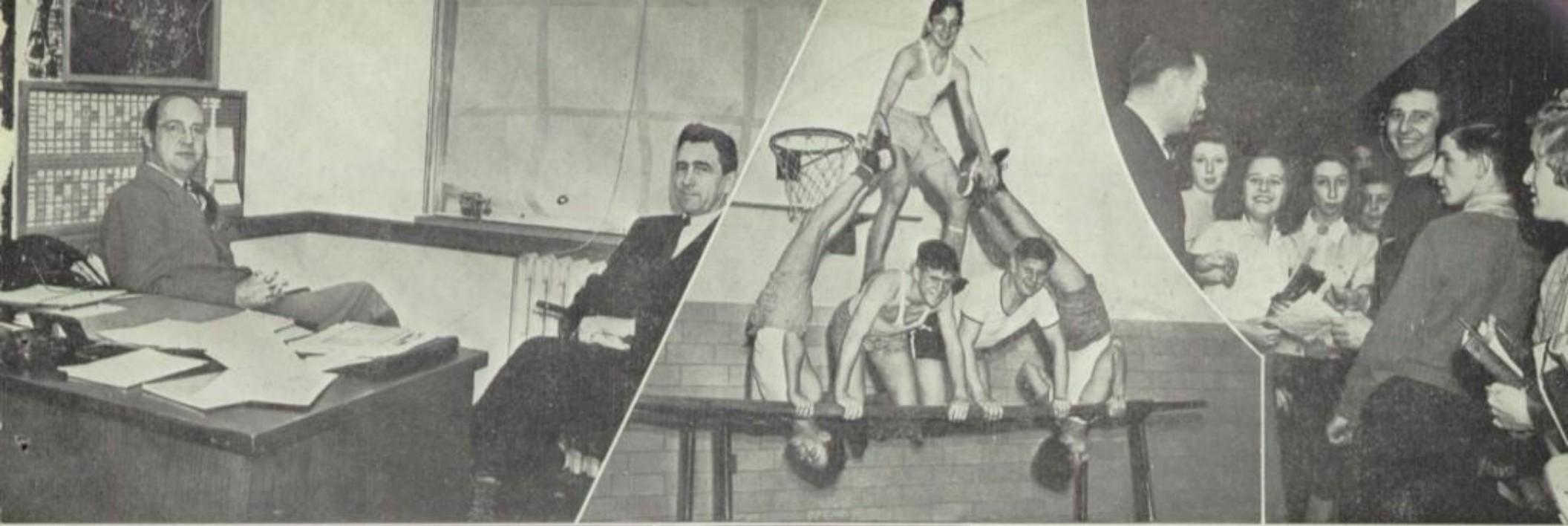
courage, the other face of courage. I speak of self-reliance.

Self-reliance emphasizes the loneliness underlying all human existence. Bound as we are by ties of family, affection, and loyalty to so many of our fellow-beings, yet, ultimately, in all the great crises of our lives, we must be ready to act alone. This is not to say that these ties should in any respect be belittled. They are the great comforts, the supports which all men seek; but they come from without, and character is built from within. When a man makes a decision, that decision must be his—else it is no decision at all; it is no more than a concealed wavering hiding behind the advice and decisions of others, a masquerade. And that leads to the abnegation of all traits that go to make sound character, for it is the denial of a man's responsibility to himself for his own acts.

Consider Greece, as last year we considered Finland. Faced by a well-armed and well-equipped aggressor, remote from help, poor in natural resources, she might well have temporized as have her neighbors to the north, and called that course one of prudence, caution, necessity. Fine words can be found to camouflage this kind of spineless surrender. But this ancient people remem-

Continued on page 39





Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of 1941 of Plymouth High School, realizing that our high school life is drawing to a close, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament. As a token of our gratitude to the faculty, we devise and bequeath to them the following words of wiser men than we:



MISS IRIS E. ALBERTINI

O, for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.
—Leigh Hunt

MR. CHARLES I. BAGNALL

His bark is worse than his bite.
—Herbert



MISS VIOLA M. BOUCHER

Her that ruled the rost in the kitchen.
—Heywood

MRS. MARGARET E. BROWN

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
—Shelley



MRS. BEATRICE E. GARVIN

We have some salt of our youth in us.
—Shakespeare



MR. CARLO T. GUIDABONI

Young fellows will be young fellows.
—Bickerstaff



MISS BEATRICE A. HUNT

A sound so fine, there's nothing lives twixt it and silence.

—J. S. Knowles

MISS JEANNETTE C. JACQUES

The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

—Wordsworth



MISS HELEN C. JOHNSON

O, still, small voice.

—Old Testament



MISS LYDIA E. JUDD

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

—Wordsworth



MISS ELIZABETH C. KELLY

Memory, the warder of the brain.

—Shakespeare



MISS KATHERINE J. LANG

Silence is golden.

—Carlyle



MISS NELLIE R. LOCKLIN

As merry as the day is long.

—Shakespeare

MR. EDGAR J. MONGAN, PRINCIPAL

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

—Shakespeare



MISS DORRIS MOORE

The play's the thing.

—Shakespeare

MR. JOHN PACHECO

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth.

—Old Testament



MR. JOHN W. PACKARD

Fly upon the wings of the wind.

—Old Testament

MR. ARTHUR G. PYLE

And I have loved thee, Ocean!

—Byron





MISS AMY M. RAFTER

Close as you will your eyes divine,
Still through their lids I feel them shine.

—*Stoddard*

MRS. MIRIAM A. RAYMOND

Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eyes.

—*Lover*



MR. MARIO J. ROMANO

The very hairs of your head are all numbered.

—*New Testament*



MR. RICHARD SMILEY

Tush! Tush! fear boys with bugs.

—*Shakespeare*



MR. JOHN H. WALKER

It is not good that the man should be alone.

—*Old Testament*



MISS MARGIE E. WILBER

What a monstrous tail our cat has got!

—*Carey*

In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and, with faith in the continued patience and understanding of the faculty, declare this to be the last will and testament of the Class of 1941.

DOROTHY MORTON '41



THE CALL TO FORTY-ONE

This day is yours to test your worth,
And mount one rung above the rest,
Although of pain there is no dearth
In continents to east and west,
The Class of Forty-One may try
To climb the ladder of success,
And may the Golden Rule apply,
This agitation to suppress.
Be glad that you are living here,
And do your best to pioneer.

These might have been the words of one
Who, lo', these many years ago,
Stood staunch until the cause was won,
Nor let this land of ours forego
The glory of a pattern bright,
The brotherhood of state and state,
To spread a light in blackest night,
And in this world perpetuate
The value of a union - one for all,
And all for one; this is our call.

Wesley Nickerson



LITERATURE

R. Post

PINDAR'S REVENGE

WITH a hiss of flying spray, the sleek little schooner "Pindar" boomed over the blue water before a stiff south-easter. To the westward scarcely a mile away, the high, rounded outline of an island stood silhouetted in the rays of the setting sun. The white strip of beach shadowed by a fringe of tall palms that lined the shore, the dark green of bushes that ran to the top of a steep hill, the surf breaking on the reef that surrounded Sexton's Bay were plainly visible.

Clint Davis squatted on the deck, his back against the cabin side, splicing a rope with a marlinspike dangling from his wrist. He glanced ahead as his vessel approached the bay. The tide was still flooding, coming in strong. Astern, a thick bank of thunderheads was piling up in the east. There would be a squall on the turn of the tide tonight, he was certain. It was dangerous for a sailing vessel to be caught in the narrow reaches of Sexton's Pass by a sudden squall.

It had been several years since his last visit here. He glanced toward the top of Sexton's Hill. It seemed as though a small space on the crest had been cleared of bushes. He gazed intently at the bald spot above. He fancied he saw a figure move up there, but, before he could make sure, the movement of the boat brought a clump of palms between him and the hilltop.

The man aft was steering. He stood up, the better to see ahead, pulling his hat down to shade his eyes. A heavy hand was needed now. If a ship struck on the edge of the pass, it wouldn't last long. The "Pindar" crossed the bar. Down the center of the channel the white schooner rolled and swung while the blue-green rocks showed above the surface less than a cable's length away. The channel turned to the right and The "Pindar" followed the blue water of the passage. The little basin, entered

through the narrow cut, was secure haven even during a hurricane. The schooner cleared the entrance and swung up to the north. The sails fluttered as the wind left them, and the crew of three ably took them in.

Clint Davis quickly tucked his knife back into the sheath on his belt. His eyes streaked along the cliff a foot above the surface of the water. The high tide mark showed plainly. He raised his head above the level of the cabintop. In the little gap between the main boom he saw it. A long, black hull was moored right in the center of the pond, a black sinister shape, low lying, with the slim muzzle of a gun pointed directly at them. Behind that gun stood two men.

At the sight Clint Davis crouched and sprang overboard. The water closed over him, cutting off his yell of warning. So quickly had he moved that the iron marlinspike was still fastened around his waist. His crew was frozen to immovability. There came a loud, earsplitting crash and "The Pindar" disintegrated in the din which followed. The explosion of the five-inch shell was so terrific that the dory trailing astern flew up into the air and burst into splinters before it hit the water.

Clint Davis was deep under water when the concussion occurred, and it drove the air from his lungs. He came up fast, caught his breath, and instinctively dived again as pieces of plank, rope, and timber showered the spot he had just left. He swam underwater to the beach opposite the position of the submarine.

The long shadows of the setting sun slowly spread over the pond. With the sunset the wind died down. A hush fell, broken only by the low murmur from out on the reef.

Clint Davis watched a small boat with half a dozen men in it put out from the island. He hefted the marlinspike

and felt his sheath knife. If they found him, he'd put up a good fight. Evidently the crew in the small boat was convinced that there were no survivors, for they went back to shore.

Clint tried to understand this thing that had come upon him so suddenly. The lookout on the bared hilltop had seen them entering the bay and had been ready for them.

This must be a secret submarine base where the raiders went ashore to rest between attacks. They could not have found a better hideout. The hilltop formed an excellent lookout. They used swift annihilation to keep their hideout a secret. "Dead men tell no tales," he shuddered.

Davis worked his way up from under the rocks. The damp, cool scent of rain was in the air. On the other side of the pond in the light of a campfire he could see shadows of many men.

A thin drizzle started to fall. He might be able to slip along the shore and escape in the small boat. But then he remembered his crew and his fine schooner at the bottom of Sexton's Bay. A cold rage swept over him. They had sunk his ship without warning and without giving anyone a fighting chance. He must, if possible, rid these waters of the black, sinister shape. But how?

On board their vessel the raiders were supreme, but in Sexton's Pond Clint Davis was in his own environment. He was swimming with scarcely a ripple to betray his progress, swimming out to the spot where the black shadow lay over the gray surface of the water.

Even while he floated alongside, the rain had become a heavy downpour. Cautiously he worked his way along. Amidships near the conning tower he discerned the blurred figure of the watchman huddled against the tower. As silently as the fall of a feather, he was upon the deck and no more than four feet from the figure. His arm swung in a swift, short arc and the marlinspike landed on the man's skull with a sickening thud. He slid silently into the water. That one would give him no trouble.

He felt for the anchor chain and slid down it until he came to the bottom. For a whole two minutes he worked on the shackle which held the last link to the huge anchor. Using his knife, he pried out the shackle pin and the anchor was loose. He floated upward.

When he reached the top, he found the tide turning and the submarine drifting out the passage! Tideborne, faster and faster it moved, dragging its useless anchor chain over the white coral on the bottom. He swam ashore and hid in the bushes close to the campfire.

A rifle shot barked from the hilltop, and the men around the fire ran up to discover that they were stranded and their only means of escape was rapidly drifting toward the jagged reef.

A grim smile of satisfaction crossed Clint Davis' face. The submarine had struck the reef at high water. Each tide would come lower and lower from now on. The reef held the vessel in its grip, and the monstrous waves were pounding it furiously. Each surge was lifting it higher upon the rocks. The rock formation opened large gaps in her bottom.

He stole the dinghy from beside the campfire and was far from land before he was discovered. He sat down on the stern of the little boat and listened to the steady, dull roar of the reef as each mighty wave rose and fell upon the quiet of the night. He could hear still another sound beat above the roar of the sea—the sound of steel against the jagged rocks of the reef. They had destroyed his ship. The score was even. Their vessel was on the reef to stay.

Clint Davis began to row. It was a long stretch to the settlement and the wireless station nearest Sexton's Bay.

MARTIN MCAULEY '41

WHAT PRICE LIBERTY?

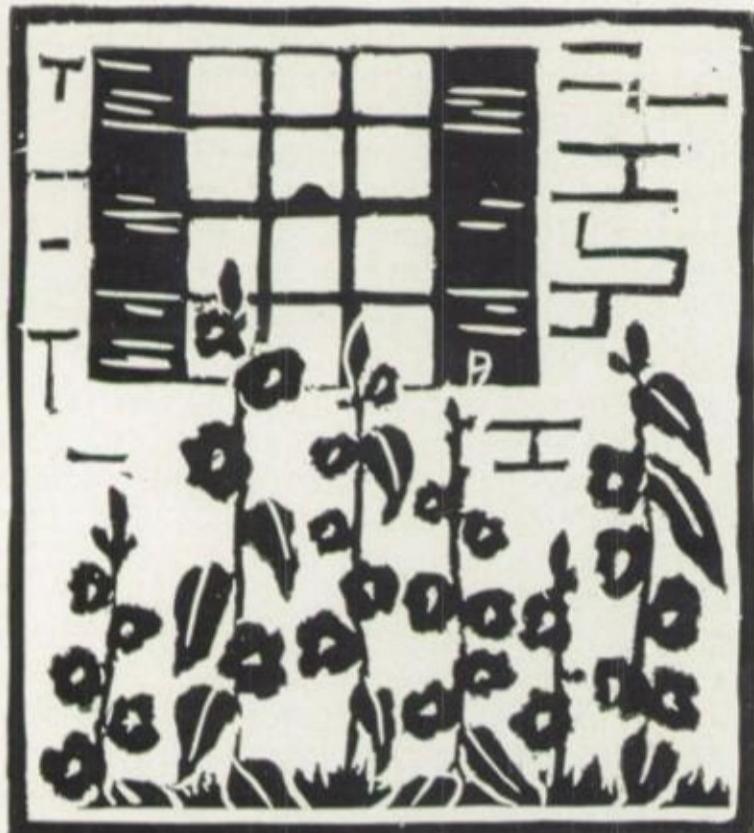
Ye who sit by the fireside,
Come on a trip with me—
A thoughtful trip,
A mournful trip,
A trip far over the sea.

Ye who sit by the fireside,
Pause a moment to hear
The booming guns,
The chattering guns,
The guns of death and fear.

Ye who sit by the fireside,
Close your eyes and see
The flowing blood,
The crimson blood,
The blood of you or me.

Ye who sit by the fireside,
Feel in your hearts with me
The deepening love,
The lasting love,
The love of liberty.

Clarence Cleveland '41



HOLLYHOCKS

Some spend a fortune to enhance
Their gardens with rare and exquisite plants
Bedecked with rocks and trailing vines;
Some like a garden whose design
Conforms to geometric line,
Where brilliant phlox and asters cross
Trim beds of pinks and columbine.
But all of these will fail to match
The glory of a random patch of hollyhocks.

Pauline Freyermuth '41

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

There's a shop around the corner,
Quaintest one I've ever seen;
As you enter there's the owner
Standing where he's always been.

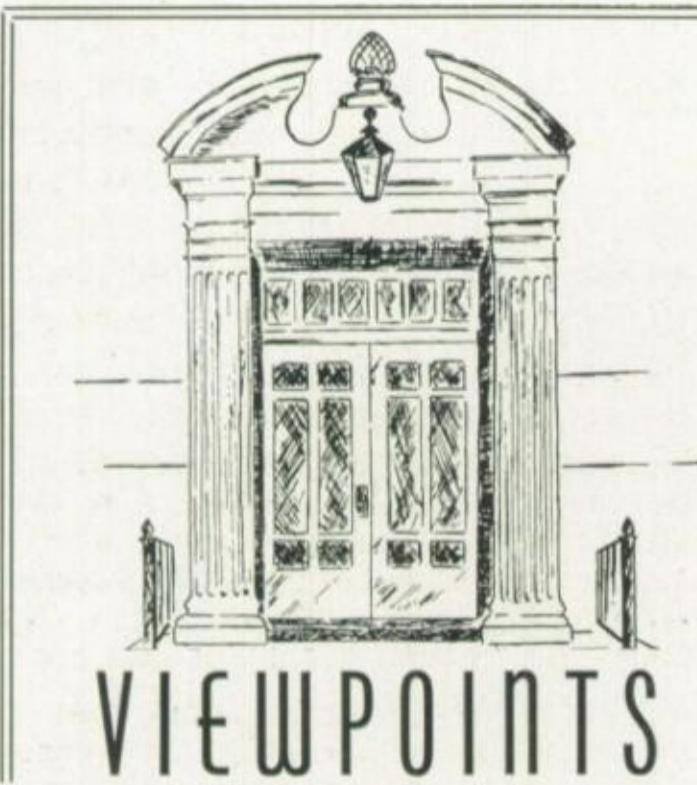
This shop is not an ordinary
Store with knicks and knacks;
Each piece has its history
Based on well-known facts.

Bottles, pictures, guns, and plates,
To name a very few;
From more than one New England state
And from old England, too.

But this is all in retrospect,
Our shop has long since gone;
Quaint owner, too, has passed away
But our memories live on.

Errington Brown '41





VIEWPOINTS

THE KIDDIES' HOUR

*"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the light is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
Which is known as the Children's Hour."*

IN Longfellow's era the Children's Hour was that sixty minutes of delightful peace and quiet which brought parents and children together at the end of a long, long day. But that age, an age when parents read the time-fingered volumes of Aesop, Andersen, and Grimm to youthful, enraptured listeners, has given way to the present-day hour of parental woe.

The radio, employing a death-defying, two-fisted wonder-man, now gives us a new form of "grim" amusement, one which could break any bond that ever existed between parent and child. If, by chance, you are not yet acquainted with the modern version of the above-mentioned eventide festivity, let us look in on the average family at about a quarter to five.

Father, weary from a hard day's toil, has just settled himself in his favorite easy-chair. Mother, too, is tired; nevertheless she's preparing supper with a smile. Junior, that little ray of sunshine, has taken his nightly position before the radio, seated on Father's favorite foot-stool.

Why, you may ask, has the little cherub chosen this uncomfortable seat when the sofa is unoccupied? Soon, all too soon, you shall know the answer, for even now the clock strikes five. Father squirms lower into his chair and sets his teeth; mother quietly closes the door

into the kitchen, and Junior, tense with expectancy, leans toward the radio.

Suddenly the scream of police sirens and the roar of gunfire herald the beginning of the "Kiddies' Hour." Father, completely unnerved, leaps from his chair, and above the din shouts, "Ye Gods, Mabel, do we have to endure this torture again tonight?"

Mother does not reply. Again father pleads and again there is no reply. Now the noise has become a bedlam and father, taking matters into his own hands, advances menacingly toward his son. The lad looks for aid in the direction of the kitchen, for father, with an evil gleam in his eye, is but a few feet away. A sharp reprimand from mother halts father in his tracks and saves Junior from eating his evening meal from the mantle. "Be reasonable, Mabel," father pleads. "Nonsense, you were young—once," says mother.

Completely disgusted, father storms from the room, dons his coat, and, cramming his hat over his ears, leaves for the garage where he can read in peace. Junior, apparently unmoved by the evening's happenings, listens in complete rapture while his hero fearlessly upholds the forces of law and order.

RICHARD KEARSLEY '43

CAMERA CONVERSATION

"You know, Jay, we lead a hard life."

"Yes, work, work, work, and more work, always dangling on a strap around master's neck."

"He's always banging me around, and focussing means twisting my nose. Some day, Jay, I will refuse to open my eye."

"What makes me angry, Jack, is the way he opens my eye on a beautiful landscape and shuts it before I can absorb the beauty."

"Yes, and when I am forced to view a corpulent, homely, woman, he tortures me by leaving my eye open. Then she criticizes for not making a good picture! I'm not a magician!"

"Poor me, master is always opening my head and putting in a new brain or pulling out a used one."

"Ah, Jack, but with a color brain, beautiful scenery, and a pretty girl—that is a different matter!"

"Right you are, Jay. Even a camera has its big moments!"

ROBERT GOVONI '43

WAITING

WHY doesn't that teacher hurry? He's probably glad that I'm getting a deficiency slip, but I'll do better next time. Yeah, that's what I said the last time, but now I mean it! Gee, I really meant it last time, but that resolution went the way of all resolutions when pals come to call. I should have known better than to think I could make up everything in one test.

Look at him! He's three rows away now! If I don't get a deficiency slip this time, I'll study two hours every night. Oh, what's the use of kidding myself? I said that the first time I was threatened with one of those unpleasant reminders, but here I am waiting for another. What shall I tell my father, a stickler for excellent grades? My three C's last month didn't improve our relationship at all.

I'll consult some of the boys as to what I should say. No, they'll laugh. I know what I'll do—I'll leave the slip on the hall table, for anything that I'll say will only make the situation worse. I was a fool, but what's the use now?

Look at those smug teacher's pets over there, the "brainy" boys, the ones who never have to worry. I'm every bit as intelligent as they are. No—no, I can't be, for they know when to study and I'm sitting here wishing that I had studied. Funny thing—I always know what I should have done but never know what I should do.

He's coming up the aisle now. He seems to enjoy giving out those little tokens and making little speeches. I bet he beats his wife. Four more boys. three now, two. Gosh! he's talking to Brown in front of me. He's standing over me now! I won't encourage him to speak to me. No, sir! I'll look at my book and pretend I'm studying! Well, why doesn't he put it down? Why is he prolonging the torture?

Heavens! he's passed me!

GLADYS COHEN '43

FIRESIDE CONTENTMENT

Outside I hear the dashing rain
Full force against the windowpane;
On such a day with fire aglow,
An easy chair, a book or so,
To sit and munch an apple red,
And now and then to nod my head;
What more is there for me to say?
Content am I this rainy day.

Rosa Bradley '41

ON SNEEZING

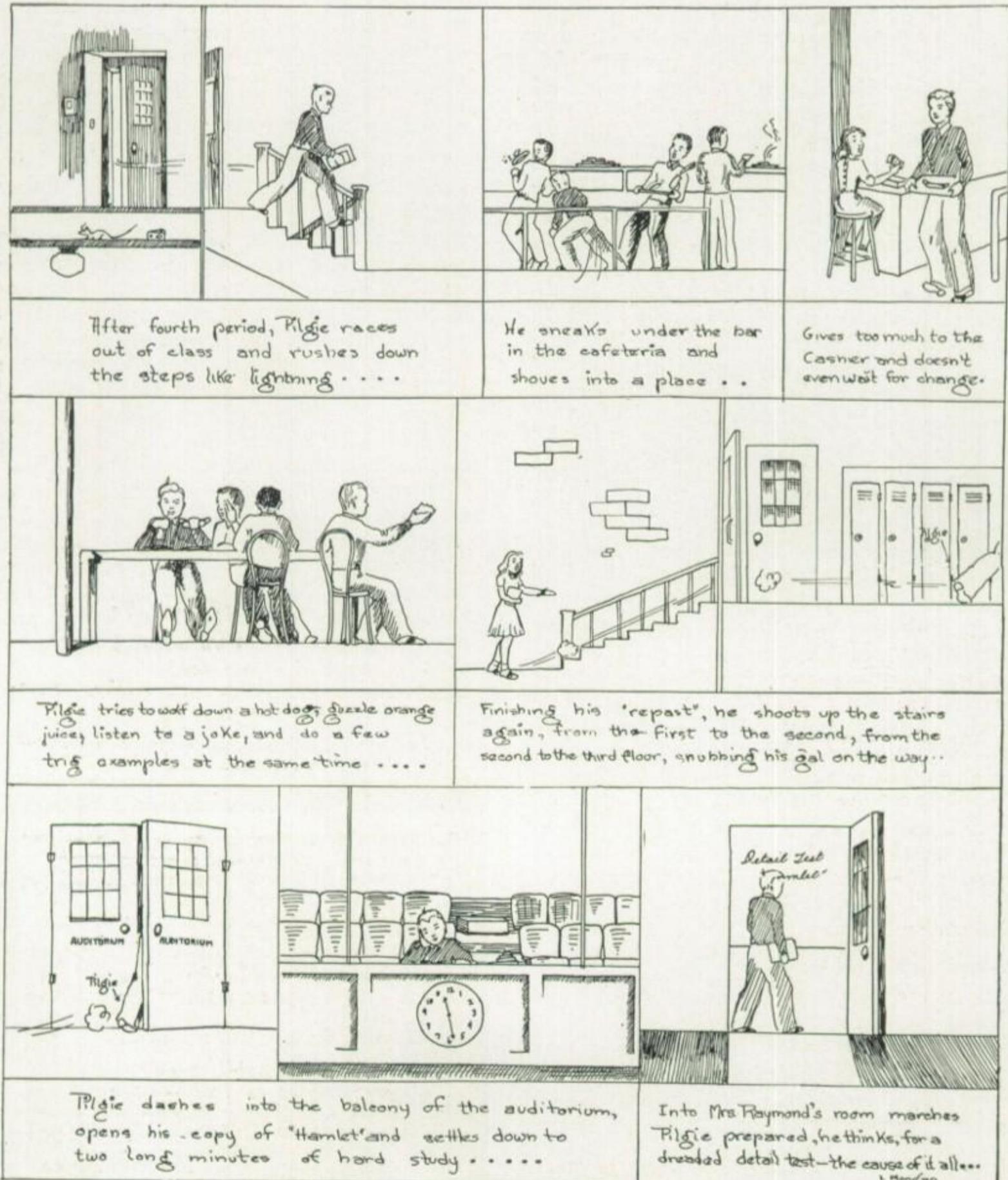
HAVE you ever heard one person sneeze and then heard another remark, "God bless you"? This expression has come down through the ages. In the ancient days it was believed that the reason a woman was beautiful was because she had been born at the very moment that Venus sneezed. Socrates was careful to watch the side to which he sneezed. He believed that to sneeze to the right was good luck, and that any proposition undertaken afterward would turn out in the sneezer's favor. Sneezing to the left meant bad luck.

There are countries today that have superstitions on sneezing. In Germany, for a married man to wake up and sneeze means that he will be bossed by his wife for one week. This can be warded off by going back to bed and staying there for three hours. If a person sneezes in Scotland, he is not an idiot because the Scots believe that an idiot does not have the power to sneeze. Sneezing at a Hindu sacramental rite means that the ceremony has to be begun over again. The Chinese believe that it is bad luck to sneeze on a Chinese New Year. In Japan, the number of times one sneezes has significance. To sneeze once means someone is praising you, to sneeze twice means that an enemy is slandering you, and to sneeze three times means you're getting a cold. The last is perhaps the most dependable forecast.

ELSIE SALMI '42



PILGIE



Junior Poetry Page

TROUBLED WATERS

*The Ship of State sails out to sea
While anxious hearts await on shore—
Can she return to land still free,
Or is she lost forevermore?*

*The hoary captain charts his course,
The ship ploughs bravely toward her foe:
Will she fall prey to hostile force
Or conquer? Only God can know.*

MARY GODDARD '42

MUSIC

*To a frivolous girl
'Tis a symbol of joy,
Of moonlight and roses
And maybe—a boy.*

*To a downhearted male
'Tis a breathtaking swirl
Of powder and perfume
And maybe—a girl.*

EDWARD CAVICCHI '42

NIGHT

*Kind Morpheus his cloak has flung
O'er weary land and sea.
The stars are twinkling in the sky,
The moon's sweet, soft, and silver face
Is smiling tenderly.*

*The waves along the shining shores
Are sighing, "Sleep, sweet sleep;"
And through the dark the night birds call—
So silent is the world that lies
In slumber soft and deep.*

JEANETTE FRANKS '42

BOY

*Blushes, a grin,
Voice that goes thin;
Feet hard to guide,
Hands meant to hide.*

*Shuffled down heels,
Mind off in space;
Eating all meals
At breathtaking pace.*

*Mischief, not sin,
Peach-fuzzy skin;
Unruly hair,
Quick taking a dare.*

*Pausing to glance,
Baggy brown pants;
Opened-necked shirts,
Always says "nerts."*

*Dressed now so neatly,
Years bring conceit;
Forgotten completely
His large hands and feet.*

*Self-consciousness gone,
Confidence born.*

ROSETTA BOYNTON '42

CALL TO ADVENTURE

*I've wandered along life's winding trail
Until now I am seventeen,
But as yet I have seen or done nothing great
Aside from life's daily routine.*

*But before I die I have planned in my mind
The things I shall want to do,
To visit the places which few men have seen
And learn why some things are true.*

*The wish that is first in my mind it to find
Where the rainbow touches this earth,
And there I shall meet with that famed pot
of gold
To return to find what it's worth.*

*My next request is an adventurous trip
That takes me down under the sea,
To find all the treasure which pirates have
left
And carry it back home with me.*

*Finally I wish to be able to see
This great world one hundred years hence,
With the hustle and roar of wide city streets
Brought close to my own backyard fence.*

GEORGE CANUCCI '42

FEMALES + FIRE

EVERY year there comes a time when the garden rubbish, your rubbish, and the neighbor's rubbish, which very accidentally clutters up your yard, must be disposed of by the well-known process of rapid oxidation. It is generally preferred by the fire department and the insurance company that a man burn the rubbish, as a woman with a long-handled rake and three or four lucifers is more dangerous than a leaky water pipe in the cellar.

Unfortunately there are many "feminine firebugs" who have yet to learn of the delicate composition of a burning heap, and one of the chief offenders is Mrs. Twerp, my next-door neighbor. If she can find no old rubbers to be disposed of, she will certainly pick up a piece of old oilcloth, which makes a very good substitute, especially if an unpleasant odor is desired. There is, of course, nothing that emits such an offensive smell except hair, but hair being rare in backyards, we must acknowledge that a piece of old oilcloth about three feet or more in length, subjected to a slow flame, can be detected by the most ordinary nose even at a distance of four gardens away.

What rubbish Mrs. Twerp does accumulate in one corner of her cabbage patch scarcely compensates for the damage to herself, the rake, and Oscar Blurp, the lone spectator who waits too long before taking a flying leap over the fence.

The star performance occurs when her skirt gets entangled in the garden implement. Provoked and disgusted, Mrs. Twerp then leaves her cabbage patch and accumulation of waste and goes into the house, depositing the rake at the foot of the back stairs with teeth upward.

WILLIAM DERN '43

WORK

We have not known you as we ought,
Nor learned your wealth and health and pow'r.
The easier way has been our thought,
While waning was our youthful hour.
We have not tried you as we ought,
But left our duties just half-done:
We've feebly struggled, feebly fought
For chances lost or barely won.
When we shall know you as we ought,
(Oh! Urge our zeal, and force our might!)
When we've your presence warmly sought,
Then we may toil and serve aright.

Martha Vickery '41

LEND ME YOUR EARS!

A PEARL fell in love with a trumpet and this is no fairy tale. They may be seen as often as you please strolling on the third floor at recess time.

Griswold and Fuller discovered that it was to their best advantage to hunt after school hours. If you play hookey, you are obliged to sit patiently in your home room after 1:05 until your time is made up. Just to prove that crime doesn't pay, ask Donald or Fred what they bagged on their respective hunting trips.

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!" is the wail of a good-looking chap in 201. He ought to be called "Hairbreadth Harry" instead of Joseph because of his frequent breathtaking dashes across the room to avoid being marked late.

We have a strong suspicion that some of the boys in Plymouth are slipping badly. Eddie, a junior from Carver, is carelessly, or we should say casually, tampering with the hearts of many a young maiden.

Everyone knows "Kiyi", but very few persons were aware of the unfortunate plight he was in a few months ago. When Old Man Winter rounded the corner this year, Robert's family gave him strict orders that he either raise his marks or raise his iceboat on jacks.

When Teddy Martin came back to school after his enforced absence, a certain girl in the front row of 201 seemed very anxious to offer Ted help in making up his work or anything else that he was a little behind on.

"Flossie" has at last shed her long pigtails. Although this may have been a sacrifice, the result is extremely satisfactory.

If ever any of the class of '42 gets into difficulty with the law during the next ten years, we need have no fear. We have in our midst William Gault, future chief of police, and George Canucci, destined to be a judge, so how can we lose?

Mr. Bagnall believes very strongly that Mr. Smiley's pickled cats have stolen the tongues of quite a few of his junior history students. Could this be the reason for their failure to recite in class?

Beware, girls of Plymouth High! Those two roadside Romeos are on the loose again. These affectionate bad men are known to us as "Sheik" Pickard and "Handsome" Hayward.

Who says that there's no such thing as "oomph"? If Agnes and Muriel haven't a couple of miles of the stuff, the boys would like to know what to name their bewitching—er—ah—smile.

Hatton, or Beau Brummel, has been seen, to the dismay of not a few townspeople, rubbing fenders with strange cars. This unavoidable weakness of Al's is greatly decreasing the trade-in value of his father's Studebaker.

Boudrot certainly has us baffled! This column is confined to comments about juniors, but we are at our wit's end to discover whether Bernard is a junior, sophomore, or senior. Even Bernie himself doesn't know.

Ladies, please don't let Mitchell's stature discourage or deceive you. He's irresistibly sweet and not at all shy about sitting in your lap.

If you have not been mentioned in this column, don't feel slighted. You're either such a good junior that we can find no flaw in you—or your escapades are unprintable.

RICHARD GAVONE '42

THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKS

Continued from page 23

bered its days of glory, and chose to resist aggression because it is man's right and duty to defend his freedom. Her men, poorly armed and ill-supplied, met the invader without waiting for assistance from outside to come to them. They made their decision and acted upon it, and, though help has come to them since, the glory of their resistance is that they made it themselves; they relied upon their own strength.

Success in a military sense has so far crowned their efforts; they have pushed back the invader and have penetrated his territory. But ominous doings in the Balkans foreshadow the day of disaster when valiant Greece may have to feel the heel of the conqueror. May that day never come, but, should it come, posterity will say of this Greek nation what history tells us was graven in the rocky walls of Thermopylae over the bodies of Leonidas and his Spartans: "Stranger, go tell our people that we lie here in obedience to their laws."

Now, we are "their people" as are all liberty-loving, self-reliant men, and the "laws" are those of decent right-conduct expected of all citizens in a free nation. May we, with their example before us, be as steadily and sturdily self-reliant in our defense of all that is right.

EDGAR J. MONGAN

TOO MUCH GOING ON

*There's too much going on at once
In this old world of ours—
So many things for us to do
In few and fleeting hours.*

*We have no time to meditate,
We make plans as we go,
And what we'll do week after next
We never, never know.*

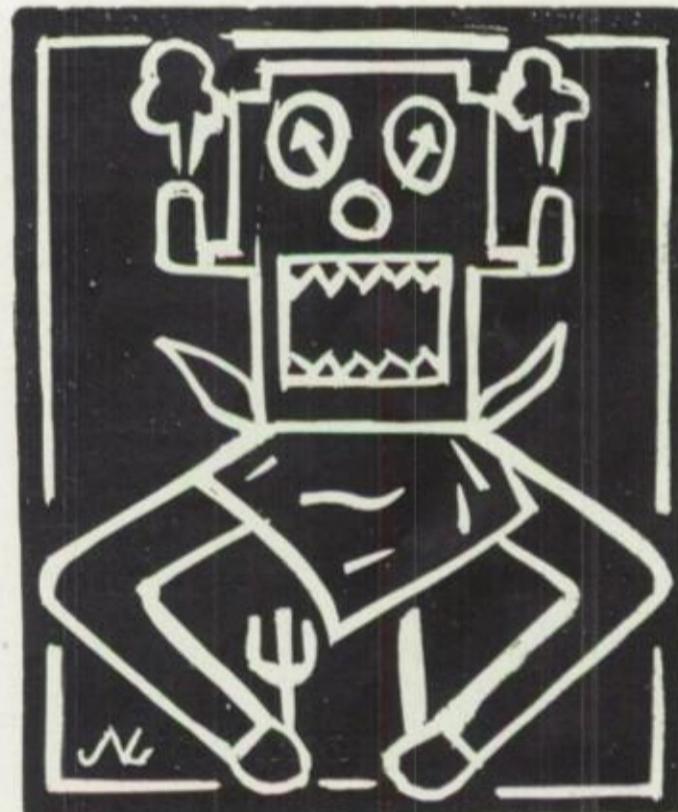
*A hair-do here, then movies there,
And dinner is at six,
And we must be on time for all—
This living has its "tricks."*

*From school we dash home for our lunch
And down town then rush we,
To talk and shop and hurry off
To somewhere else at three.*

*Our supper's through by seven-ten;
Our homework's done by eight,
And someone's car is at the door—
Ah, yes—another date!*

*We live from day to day, 'tis true,
We go from sun to sun;
We know there's too much going on,
But oh! It's so much fun!*

JEANETTE FRANKS '42



THE IRON MONSTER

I, by rights should be in bed.
Ere I rest my weary head,
Iron Monster must be fed.
Down two flights of stairs I go,
Ducking rafters that are low,
Kicking railings with my toe.

There he sits before my eyes,
Glutton of gargantuan size,
Empty, not to my surprise.
"Here," he roars in rasping tone,
"Here I sit and hungry groan.—
Feed me here upon my throne!"

Shovel, shovel, dust and trouble,
Bended back that's almost double
With my labor midst the rubble.
Iron Monster, god of greed,
I'll no more to cellar speed,
On crude oil you now must feed.

WALTER CORROW '41

Invitation

RULER OF THE SEA

Sweeping ever onward
With thunderous, furious roar,
Mountains of frothy madness
Crash on the wreck-strewn shore.
Until Father Neptune
Deigns to calm the raging deep,
These crushing monsters will continue
To pit their cunning and strength
Against the courageous men
Who have fearlessly striven
To conquer the bitter, mysterious sea.

EDWARD PENN '43

HOPE REKINDLED

With cheerless heart I watched the sun
As it came up to greet the day,
And the shadows of the night just passed
Lingered a while, then blew away.
Then all the birds began to sing,
And all the flowers burst into bloom,
And heaven smiled at her handiwork—
There was no place for tears and gloom.
And as I stood alone and sad,
A ray of hope gleamed from the sod:
My heart leaped up! I caught the gleam—
Then raised my head and thanked the Lord.

MARY CAPOZUCCA '43

THE MESSENGER

On a fence post
Chirping
Sits a robin
Pert and happy—
Bubbling
With his secret
Of coming spring.

NORMA JOHNSON '43

MIST

The mist is like a silvery veil
Dropped o'er steeple tops
Where it hovers, floating languidly—
Then gradually, it fades away
As if a hand were reaching down
To gently lift it up.

BETTY HART '43

MEDITATION

These things would I hold to be,
Above all else, most dear to me:
Pussy willows—silky, silver-gray
Swaying in the breeze along the woodland
way;
Walks along a forest path
Rather than the fireside hearth;
The pungent tang of crisp, brisk air
All around me everywhere;
The frosty twinkle of a star
Glistening brightly from afar;
The broad expanse of virgin snow
Sparkling in the moonlight glow.
The peace that follows quiet sleep
That has been restful, calm, and deep;
These things would I hold to be,
Above all else, most dear to me.

SHIRLEY HANSON '43

MY PLEA

Never be too busy to gaze at sea-blue skies,
To watch the sun stream on its way to seek
lost lullabies,
To mark the shadows of the dark on velvet
feet creep down,
To see the stars, which one by one, light
streets of Heaven-town.

Never be too busy to see life's flowers sweet,
The kinds that bloom in gardens, and the
others at our feet,
The joy of books, of friends, and talk, the
love of children dear—
The charm of all the lovely things that now
surround us here.

Never be too busy to see beauty everywhere,
And know that He Who loves us all has
made this world most fair.

MARY BONZAGNI '43

to Beauty

TWILIGHT AT SEA

The twilight hours like birds flew by
As gently and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea—
For every wave with dimpled face
That leaped into the air
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it, trembling, there.

BARBARA STANDISH SHERMAN '43

MEMORIES

Gazing into the fire I see
Little flames of memory,
Pleasant dreams of days gone past,
Never, never meant to last—
Seeds of reminiscence sown
Into mem'ries dear are grown;
They fill my heart with ecstasy,
These little flames of memory.

HELEN SHERMAN '43

AWAKENING

Roguish rain—
Seeking out the backward plants, kissing
them gently,
Making those bashful bulbs blush into
bloom.

Happy sun—
Caressing the new-born shoots as they
Bravely poke
Their tender leaves up into this land of
light and life.

Playful winds—
Frolicking amongst the goblet tulips that
hold their cupped hands toward the sky,
Causing them to sway with the easy
rhythm of the ballet.

BARBARA JONES '43

BEFORE I DIE

I want to hear before I die
From a host of angels in the sky
Those treasured words men seek in vain,
"All is well—peace rules again."

I want to see before I die
That hallowed shrine where patriots lie,
Where they who stemmed the battle's tide
Now rest in state, our country's pride.

I want to know before I die
Why men grow pale as years go by,
And if there is a Shangri-La
Beyond the last horizon far.

I want to stand before I die
And look the whole world in the eye,
Then turn with mind and conscience clear
To face my God without a fear.

RICHARD KEARSLEY '43

SOARING GULLS

They glide through the air
With the greatest of ease,
Those daring white creatures
That live by the seas.

They soar to the clouds
To a measureless height,
Cruising among them
Until out of sight.

Then swerving about
They pause to hover,
Then plummet towards water
One after another.

They hit with a splash
In search of their prey,
Then, bobbing like corks,
They drift on their way.

BERNARD KRITZMACHER '43

PRIZE BOUQUET



These are the prize-winning pictures in the
Candid Camera Contest sponsored by "The Pilgrim."

1ST PRIZE-VINCENT BARRATTA

2ND PRIZE-ALVIN MONTANARI

3RD PRIZE-ALFRED MARTIN

JUDGES-MR. CARLO GUIDABONI

FRANCES DRETLER

BERNARD KRITZMACHER

Their Secret Thoughts

Thoughts in September

The Faculty

	Thoughts in September	Thoughts after Christmas	Thoughts at Graduation
Miss Albertini	Summer vacation—past	Will the next six months be as fleet-ing as the first few? ? ?	Summer vacation—future. ? ?
Mr. Bagnall	Starting	Half way	Finished
Miss Boucher	We're off to a fresh start.	Having rounded the first lap, we get our second wind.	Tired but happy, we come in at the finish.
Mrs. Brown			
Mrs. Garvin	Looks like a tough year for the hockey team.	Well, I can always jump into the car and go back to Florida.	Just when they get "smart" in sports they graduate.
Mr. Guidaboni	Seashore—sports—travel—Gone With The Wind!	Broke until pay day.	Where shall I go this summer?
Miss Hunt	Prospective Frenchmen?	How French are they?	Was it at all worthwhile?
Miss Jacques	Good-bye, vacation:	Bills! Bills! Bills!	Good-bye, seniors; hello, vacation!
Miss Johnson	Hello, work!		
Miss Judd	Enjoyed my vacation, but glad to get back to work.	Time is flying; there is still a great deal to accomplish.	Delayed vacation—six weeks of summer school first.
Miss Kelly	Now, what do you think?	It's the same old story.	You've guessed it.
Miss Lang	What's ahead?	Not so bad.	It could have been worse.
Miss Locklin	This year I'm really going to accomplish something.	What a nice place the world is!	Next year I'm going to teach so well that nobody fails.
Mrs. Matthews	When is the first pay day?	Reduce the Xmas list!	Tempus fugit.
Mr. Mongan	Elbow! ! !	Elbow? ? ?	! ? ! ? ! ? ! ?
Miss Moore	"Iron bars do not a prison make."	"Iron bars do not a prison make."	"Cherish glad tidings for tomorrow's bills aren't far away."
Mr. Pacheco	Why stop school in June?	Of course I stand for no vacation.	"'Tis past nor will I quit thy shore. A second time I've learned to love thee more."
Mr. Packard	Enough work to do and strength enough to do the work.	"After winter comes the spring."	Will they be as successful as my own class of '32?
Mr. Pyle	"Long is the way and hard..."	Christmas is over and Business is Business.	"Peace, its wonderful!"
Miss Rafter	Down to earth	Our New Year's resolutions! Can we bank on them?	Oh! the old swimming hole!
Mrs. Raymond	Will this be the best class?	So much to do!	In the clouds again!
Mr. Romano	Back to classes—they look good.	Back again—they're still with us and doing well.	It's done!
Mr. Smiley	Back again!	Back again—Broke again!	There they go—just beginning.
Mr. Walker	Christmas will soon be here.	What to do with those Christmas ties!	Ah, to be young again!
Miss Wilber	What! So soon!	Good old Santa!	Christmas will soon be here.
			Now for some sleep in the morning!



Our Christmas tree no longer gleams
With brightly-colored stars and lights.
We packed the trimmings for next year,
But still, we kept the tree just near
The house, so we could all look out
And see it there, quite cold, without
Its branches, laden, shining bright
With tinsel and a star. One night,
However, after a day's storm,
When the earth seemed to change its form
And I looked out through the moonlight glare,
I saw our tree, still standing there,
Its branches once more hanging low,
Redecorated by the snow.

Mary Marvelli '41

NOSTALGIA

While gazing from my window's height,
I see the frozen harbor's shore.
And high above the sandy bar,
White seagulls swoop, then rise and soar.
Beyond the bar the white crests rise,
Made high by last night's boisterous storm,
From depths of sapphire blue they roll,
A magic change of hue to form.
Across the brown of winter's marsh,
The distant roar is borne to me—
I long for summer's bright green shades
And sails, instead of icy sea!

Barbara Viets '41

WIND SONGS

How often have I heard the wind
When I am all alone,
Puffing past my windowpane
With wailing, doleful tone.
It seeks out each secluded nook
While blowing through the lane,
And then, once more, around the house
It whistles a refrain.
Sometimes it plays a softer tune
And gathers up each breeze.
Then, in a muffled whisper,
It vibrates through the trees.
It lingers in the tall, brown grass,
The bushes, and the brush—
And then moves on to other haunts
With a reluctant hush.
How often, when I listen,
I've heard the wind at play—
And hoped that it would hasten
To me, another day.

Elenore Hall '41

MORNING SCENE

I love these frosty mornings
When all the outer air
Is tingling with a freshness
And vim beyond compare.
The cold wind in the tree-tops
Proclaims the coming dawn,
And sends the leaves a-rushing
Across the frozen lawn.
The light glows in my window,
And on the pane I see
Jack Frost has sketched a picture
Of a silvery tree.
I love these frosty mornings
To see these things, and then
To draw my bed-clothes closer
And go to sleep again.

Nancy Reagan '41

MEMORIES

As I recall the many years I've risen
And bathed and brushed my teeth
and combed and dressed,
How many years within these different schools
I've tried and toiled, how many years
oppressed;
For all these recollections, I thank thee, Lord!
Please never let me rest—
Until I've reached that peace that comes
In toiling for the best.

Mary Creati '41

MOMENTARY BLISS

Happiness is a transient thing,
A variegated balloon on a string
Suspended in the air to tantalize
Each soul that hopelessly tries
To grasp its bounded ecstasy.
Eventually it bursts, and we
In retrospect then treasure
Its momentary pleasure.

Laura Paoletti '41

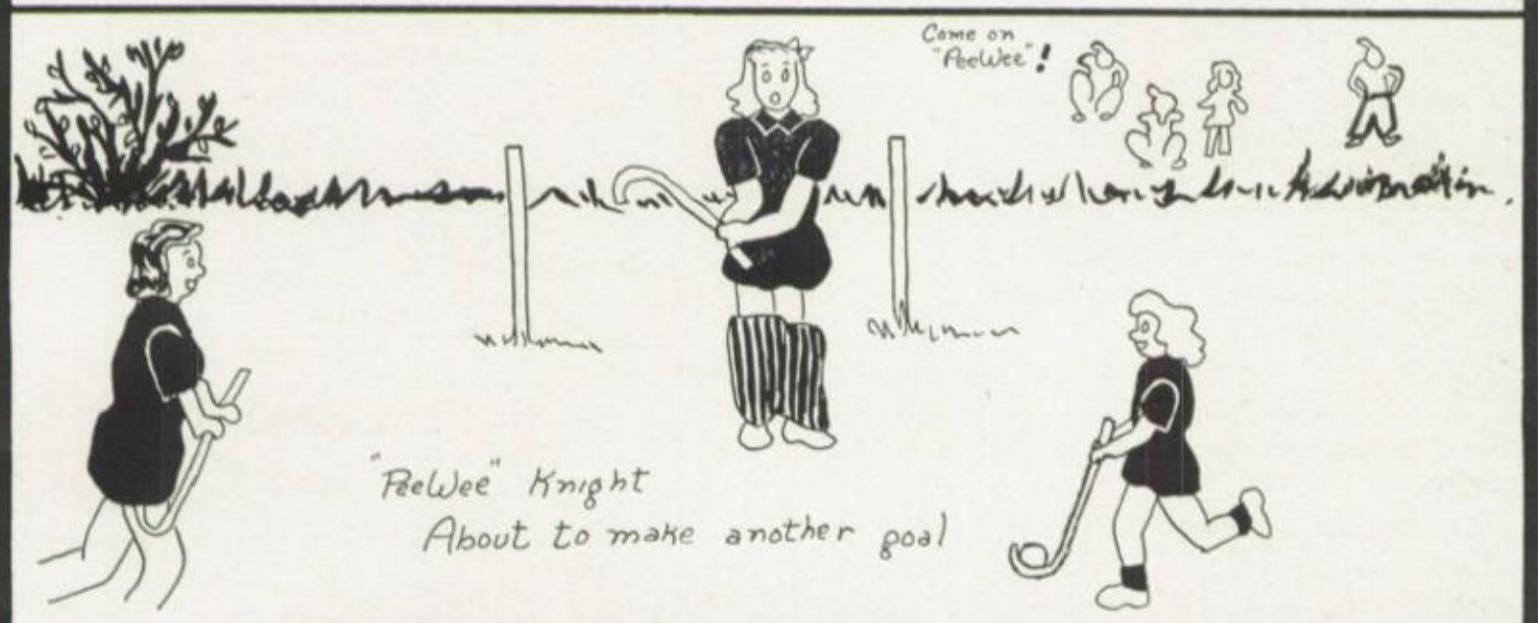
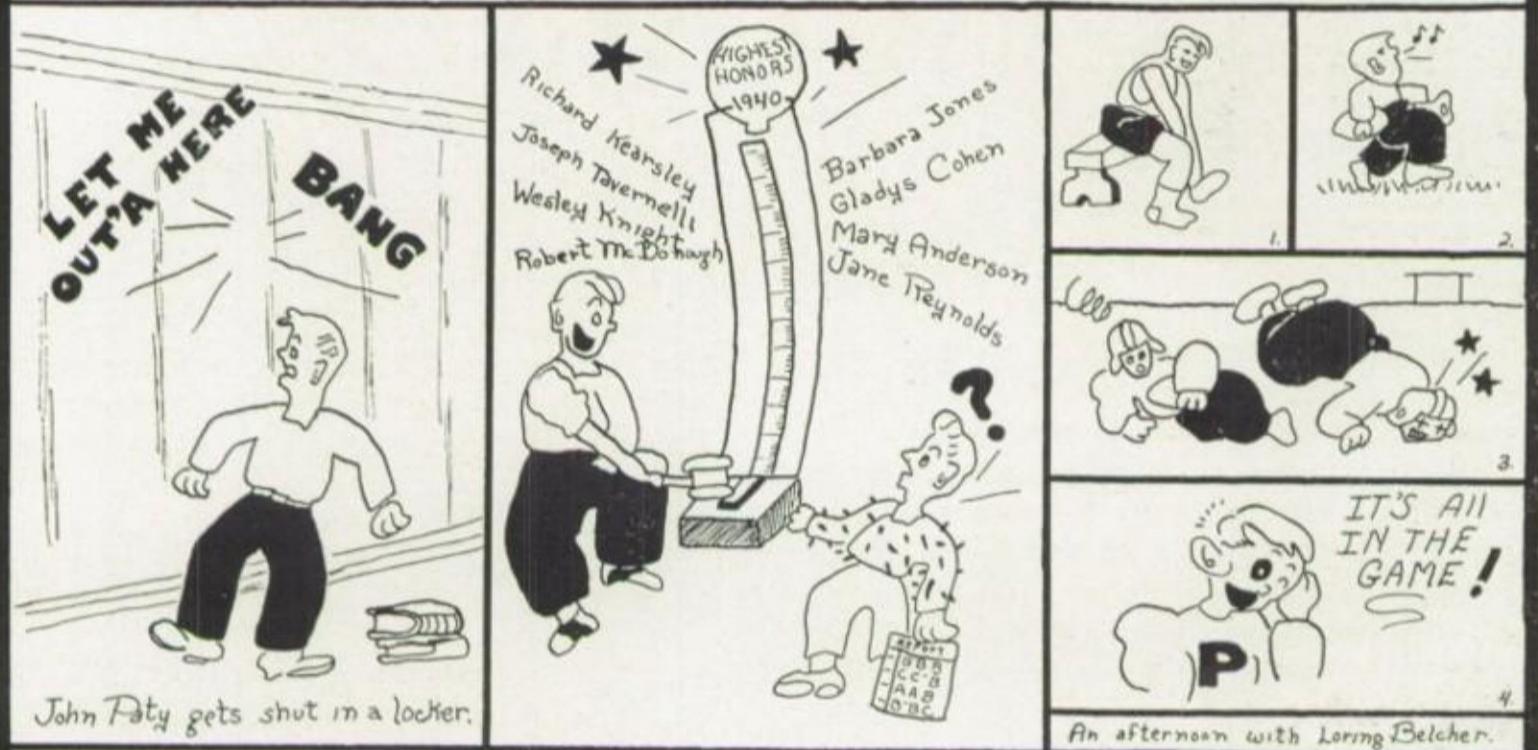
ON TIRELESS WINGS

On tireless wings the wild bird speeds his
flight
To lands which he has often sought before:
On, ever on, untiring, day and night,
Unceasing, ever toward that distant shore
Where lies his shelter from the cold wind's
roar.
Strong is the hope that leads him through the
skies
And true the sense that guides him evermore,
As on toward that alluring realm he flies
Where winter is like spring, for there his
haven lies.

Martha Lemius '41



HERE 'N THERE



MARY MACK



FOREIGN

LANGUAGES



L'AVENIR

Les personnages: Julie et Renaud

La première scène: C'est le salon fabuleux d'un bateau à vapeur. Tous les fauteuils sont verts comme la mer au-delà des fenêtres, petites et rondes. Le tapis même est vert.

Ici il y a beaucoup de monde, et tous parlent de ce nouveau bateau et comment il est comme un grand hôtel. Tout le monde semble heureux. Quelques-uns sont des hommes d'affaires. D'autres voyagent pour leur plaisir. Il y a des criminels, des membres du clergé, des riches, de nouveaux-mariés.

Quand le rideau se lève, nous voyons deux de ces derniers. Julie, petite et séduisante, a, à peu près, vingt-deux ans. L'homme, Renaud, est grand et mélancolique, et est un peu plus vieux que sa femme. Ils parlent tout bas comme s'ils étaient seuls au monde.

Renaud: Julie, tu ne regresses pas notre mariage? Tu aurais pu être plus heureuse avec un autre—.

Julie: Eh bien, Renaud! De quoi parles-tu? Je ne serais pas ici, si je ne t'aimais pas.

Renaud: Je te ferai si heureuse quand nous retournerons à Paris.—Mais, dansons, Julie? C'est un bon orchestre.

Julie: Oui.

C'est une valse. Ils dansent si bien ensemble, si gracieusement, comme dans un rêve! Ils oublient le salon, les fauteuils verts, les hommes, et les femmes—. Mais la musique s'arrête.

Renaud: Julie, allons sur le pont. Bien, attends-moi ici.

Quand le rideau se baisse, Renaud est allé à sa chambre pour leurs habits, parce que l'air de la nuit est un peu fraîche.

La seconde scène.

C'est le pont du bateau. Julie et Renaud près du rail, regardent l'océan et les cieux obscurs. Ils ne parlent pas. Ils sont contents. L'avenir est dans

leurs esprits, et ils pensent à ce qu'ils feront ensemble à New York et à Paris plus tard.

Mais la nuit est fraîche et Julie frissonne. Elle lève son manteau du rail et ils s'en vont. Le manteau a caché une ceinture de sauvetage, et quand Julie l'a levé (son manteau), nous pouvons voir les mots, "S. S. Titanic," en noir sur le blanc.

Les lumières s'éteignent et le rideau se baisse. MARTHA VICKERY '41

L'AFFAIRE DE LA PIPE QUI MANQUE

Le vieillard Prudhomme a perdu sa pipe! Oh, quelle dommage! Oh, c'était trop fort! Oui, la grande pipe, sa pipe favorite, elle avait disparu. Où était-elle? Sans sa pipe le vieux Prudhomme était ruiné. Cette pipe était son amie, son compagnon de vieillesse. En été et aussi en hiver il s'asseyait et fumait sur son seuil ou à son âtre, content, lançant des bouffées odoriférantes. Mais maintenant, il était seul, il lui fallait trouver ce compagnon vite, tout de suite ou il deviendrait fou.

Mais le pauvre Prudhomme n'était pas capable de la chercher tout seul. Son rhumatisme le troublait continuellement. Le bon chalumeau seulement était capable de rapetisser la peine et maintenant il ne l'avait pas. Peut-être le petit Dominique, son neveu, l'assisterait à la trouver. Ah, oui, Dominique, le petit garçon! C'était là la réponse. Oui, Dominique était si bon, si obligéant, quelquefois.

M. Prudhomme s'écria doucement d'abord, "Dominique, Dominique," alors plus fort. "Venez, Dominique, s'il vous plaît." Dominique, cependant, n'est pas venu. Il faut que le pauvre vieillard aille le chercher. Prudhomme s'est levé péniblement, boitant à la salle voisine. Là était Dominique, le petit, sa figure défigurée avec agonie, tissé avec stupeur. La fumée emplissait l'air. Dans

la bouche était la pipe archivieille.

M. Prudhomme, hébété, mais heureux à la découverte, a dit, "Eh, Dominique, moi, j'ai trouvé ma pipe, mais vous, vous avez trouvé le démon intérieur."

WALTER CORROW '41

LES SENTIMENTS D'UN FRANÇAIS

La Place de la Concorde. Un vieil homme se promène lentement. C'est Jérôme Trevant, vendeur de pain. REGARDANT dans son panier, il soupire.

Jérôme—"Ah! Quels jours tristes pour les Français! Et quels pains misérables que je dois vendre! Pas fait avec la farine comme aux bons vieux jours. Mais le pain n'est pas la seule chose qui ait changé avec cette domination allemande. Paris a changé; tout a changé. Les rues résonnent avec les bottes des Nazis. Comme ils sont galants ces jours-ci! Offrant de porter mon panier et m'assistant à traverser la rue. Mais ils ne peuvent pas nous duper à nous soumettre! Nous avons trop enduré de ces voleurs pour oublier facilement!"

Soupirant encore, le vieux vendeur de pain, sa tête baissé en méditation, traverse près de l'Arche et marche vers le soleil couchant mourant.

PATRICIA O'CONNELL '41

A L'ECOLE EN ANGLETERRE

Je vais décrire l'école où j'ai poursuivi mes études en Angleterre pendant trois ans.

C'est une plus petite école que cette école-ci, avec seulement trois cents élèves. Des évacuées de Londres venaient là pour la durée de la guerre, et une autre école, l'école William Ellis, pour les garçons de Londres, employaient nos bâtiments l'après-midi.

Les élèves commencent quand ils ont onze ou douze ans, et ils sortent quand ils ont dix-sept ou dix-huit ans, comme ici. Nous avons deux bâtiments: le bâtiment ancien s'élève où la mairie s'élèvait au douzième et treizième siècles, et le bâtiment nouveau, qui contient les laboratoires et quelques salles de classes. La grande salle aussi est dans ce bâtiment, et là nous avons un petit service chaque matin, et aussi des spectacles de Shakespeare et toutes les fonctions de l'école.

Nous portons un uniforme, les filles portent une tunique bleue, une blouse blanche, et une cravate. Les garçons portent un habit bleu, des pantalons gris et une cravate. L'été, les filles et

les garçons de la sixième forme, de dix-sept ans portent des chapeaux de paille, et si les filles les portent dans une autre ville où on ne nous connaît pas, les gens nous regardent avec curiosité et nous ne l'aimons pas. Nous portons une jaquette rayée en été aussi.

Il y a quatre "maisons" à l'école qui sont nommées après les saints protecteurs des îles britanniques, et toutes les notes que nous obtenons pendant l'année sont additionnées au bout de l'année, et la maison avec la plupart des notes gagnent un bouclier d'argent pour la durée de l'année prochaine. Chaque maison essaie de garder ce trophée parce qu'il est le plus haut prix qu'une maison puisse obtenir. Il y a plusieurs autres trophées pour gagner, les gobelets pour les jeux, pour nager, pour le jeu de crosse, pour le football, pour le criquet, et deux autres pour Victor Ludorum et Victoria Ludorum. Ces prix sont pour le garçon et la fille qui obtiennent les meilleures notes pour sa maison le jour des jeux.

Nous avons de beaux jardins autour de l'école, qui sont nommés "Les Cèdres", et naturellement il y a des cèdres dans le jardin. Nous avons aussi une piscine et deux jeux de paumes. Près de l'école nous avons un beau champ de jeu, et il est un des meilleurs pour plusieurs milles autour de nous. Nous sommes fiers de notre école et du champ.

PAMELA DAMMENT '41

QUAND J'ETAIS PETITE

Quand j'étais petite, j'avais mes poupées,
Des cheveux roux, de beaux yeux bleus.
J'avais de petits plats, même des choses à manger.

J'étais la mère, le père, le maître, dans mes jeux.

Quand mes petites, malades, et deshabillées

Etaient dans leurs lits, moi, j'étais le docteur!

Quand j'étais petite, même que j'ai pleuré,

Malgré mes malheurs, j'ai grandi sans douleurs.

MARAH VICKERY '41

LE PRISONNIER

Le juge—au prisonnier—"On vous a trouvé coupable de votre crime. Comment préférez-vous mourir?"

Le prisonnier—"Monsieur le juge, je préfère mourir de vieillesse, s'il vous plaît."

FRANCIS DRETLER '41

UNE FAUTE

Le premier jour de l'école un professeur a dit à sa classe d'anglais, "Si je fais des fautes pendant l'année, corrigez-moi. N'ayez pas peur."

Un jour le professeur a fait une faute. Maintenant il y avait dans cette classe un garçon qui était très intelligent mais trop timide. Il a remarqué tout de suite la faute du professeur mais il était si timide qu'il avait peur de le corriger.

Il avait dans sa poche un petit dictionnaire. Il l'a pris, et il a cherché le mot que le professeur n'avait pas bien employé. Après beaucoup d'hésitation il a levé la main.

"Qu'est-ce que vous voulez?" demanda le professeur.

"Monsieur, le professeur," il a répondu, "le dictionnaire a tort."

LAURA PAOLETTI '41

LE RENARD ET LES RAISINS

Maitre Renard allait très, très vite chez lui,

En se disant à lui-même: "J'ai très faim aujourd'hui."

Aussitôt il s'est aperçu des raisins Sur une vigne près d'un gros arbre en chemin;

Alors, le Renard allait au galop de joie A travers l'herbe et à côté du bord des bois.

Mais, les jolis raisins étaient lointains et hauts.

Aussi, Maitre Renard avait un grand défaut.

Il ne pouvait pas atteindre sa belle proie.

Donc, le Renard s'est dit à lui-même à haute voix:

"Peut-être ces raisins sont trop verts et maigres.

Qui sait? Ces raisins probablement sont aigres."

IDORE BENATI '41

LE PERE — LE FILS

En colère le père d'un petit garçon qui venait de faire mal à sa jeune fille, était complètement fatigué parce qu'il avait fouetté son fils. Il lui a dit, "Ah, que je suis fatigué."

Son fils a répondu, "Oui, mais au moins vous pouvez vous asseoir pour vous reposer."

GEORGE DOTEN '41

L A T I N

ALL LATIN TEAM

Fullback—Julius Caesar—

Was responsible for an undefeated season on the "Roman Warriors" team.

Left Halfback—Mercury—

A fine, broken-field runner.

Right Halfback—Aeneas—

Led Trojan followers despite interference.

Quarterback—Cicero—

Called all the plays against Catiline.

Right End—Paris—

Snatched Helen on the run.

Right Tackle—Hercules—

Never fumbled his tasks.

Right Guard—Cerberus—

Guarded entrance to lower world.

Center—Achates—

Supported Aeneas in all his plans and enterprises.

Left Guard—Achilles—

Led interference against Trojans.

Left Tackle—Brutus—

Tackled the job of killing Caesar.

Left End—Ulysses—

Used sleeper play on the Trojans.

Coach—Jupiter—

Instructed the Gods.

GEORGE DOTEN '41

SONG REVIEW

"So You're the One"—

Miss Wilber

"You've Got Me This Way"—

Cicero

"There'll Be Some Changes Made"—

Latin Mark

"I Hear a Rhapsody"—

When someone else recites

"Same Old Story"—

Cicero's Orations

"Practice Makes Perfect"—

Translating Latin

"High on a Windy Hill"—

My mind in Latin period

"Deep in a Dream"—

Latin homelesson

"I'll Never Smile Again"—

"Til this is translated

"We Three"—

Cicero, midnight, and I

"My Prayer"—

Before Latin examination

"Darn that Dream"—

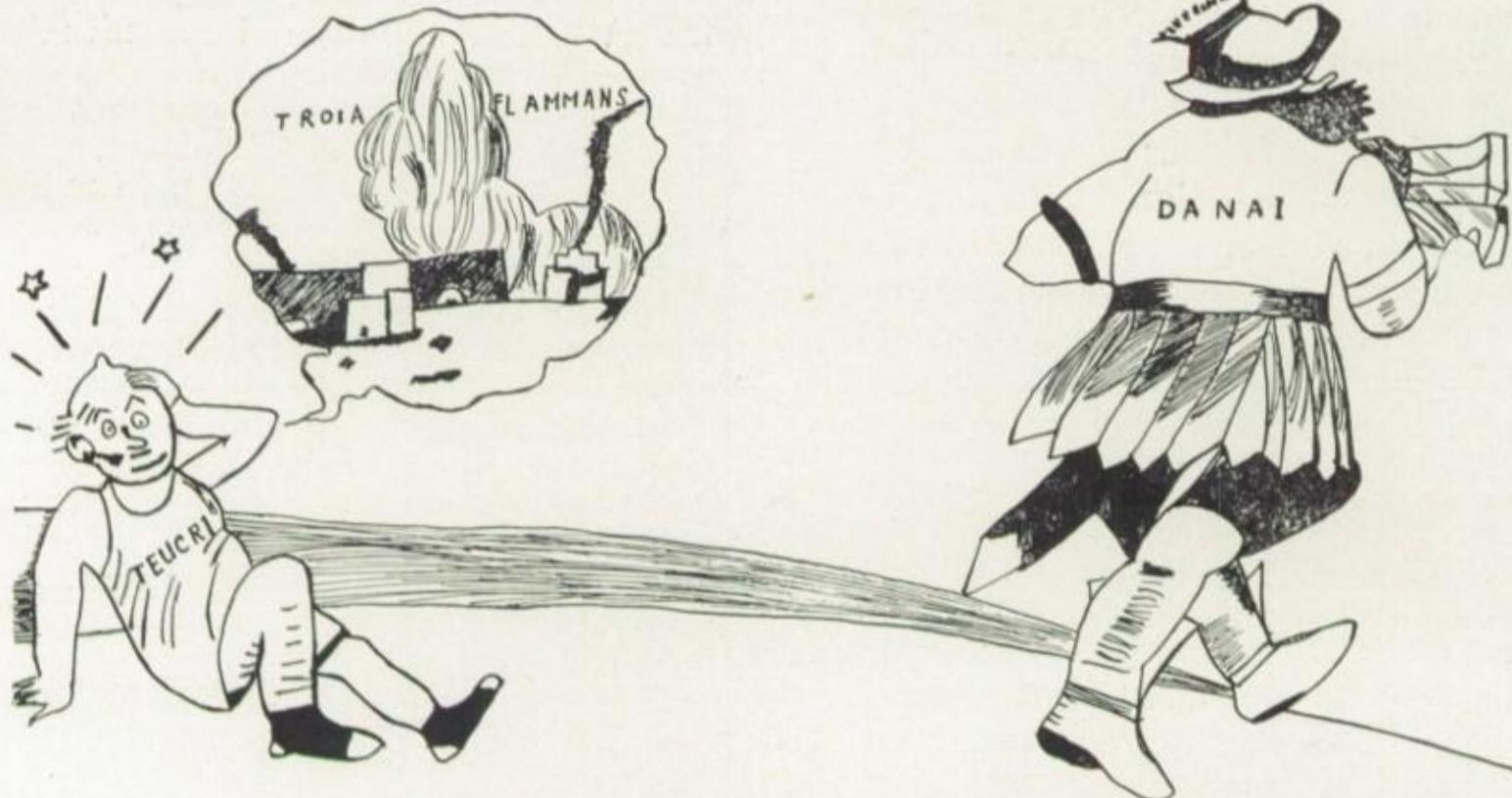
A+ in Latin

"Goody, Good-bye"—

Cicero in June.

PHYLLIS DIEGOLI '42

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF?



TEUCRI—TROJANS

DANAI—GREEKS

A GAME FOR ALL AMERICANS

Do you consider yourself a patriot? Do you know *The American's Creed*? Why not check on yourself by filling in the blanks below? Each blank represents a Latin derivative which has been omitted.

Don't look for the answers until you've finished. You can then find them on page 50.

I believe in the
of America as a government of the , by the , for the ; whose powers
are from the
of the governed; a democracy in a ; a
..... of many
; a
..... and , estab-
lished upon those of
freedom, , ,
and , for which American their
lives and

I therefore believe it my duty to my country to love it, to its , to obey its laws, to its flag, and to it against all enemies.

William Tyler Page
FAITH MILLMAN '42

IDORE BENATI

SCHOOL SONG

Avē tibi! Plymouthō Altō
Diū, diū stēs!
Firmae sint tuae virtūtēs ut
Illīus Pilgrimī manūs;
Nostra optima tibi faciēmus,
Diem ex diē
Nitentēs ad firma bona
Omnibus quae putēmus, faciāmus aut
dicāmus.
Amāta almā Mater, cāra,
Tibi canimus!
Tuās laudēs semper sonābimus
Caelum resonāre cōgentēs;
Hōrārum numquam obliscāmur
Quās tēcum sumpsimus.
Et tuam gloriam praedicābimus
Cotīdiē et quāque horā iterum.

ROGER WHITING '42

LATIN

The "L" means more than "labor,"
And "a" means "amārus,"
"T" stands for such "tormentum",
And "i" for "indoctus".
Then for a fitting ending,
I'm sure you'll all agree
That "n" refers to "necō",
What Latin does to me!

CONNIE MURRAY '42

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a Republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign states; a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity, for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

William Tyler Page

SOLUS RANGERUS

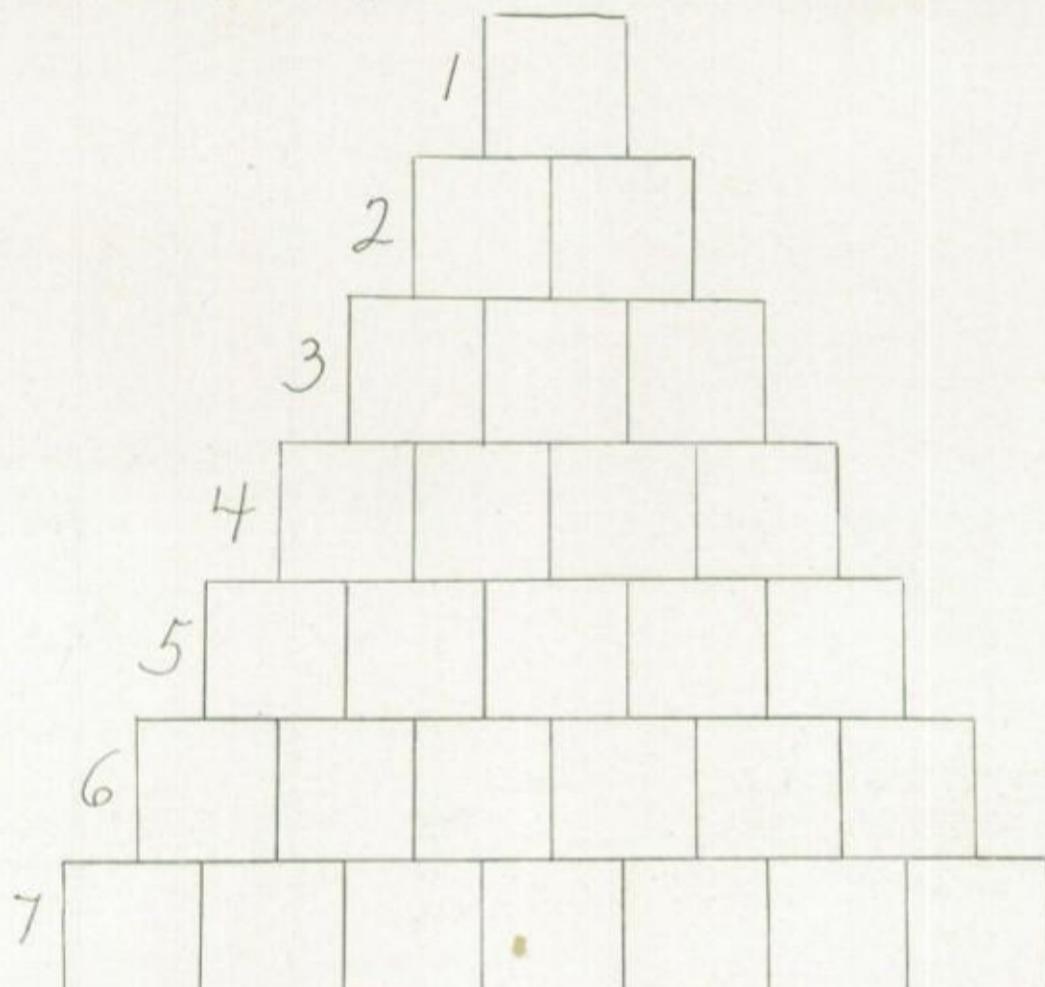
Erat olim nobilissimus vir nōmine Solus Rangerus. Magnum equum nōmine Silverum habuit, qui magnitudine et celeritāte superāvit. Eius socius erat Tontus, acer Indianus, qui vestigia cuiusquam perfacile sequī poterat.

Solus Rangerus et Tontus malōs virōs nōn amavērunt, atque eōs interfēcērunt ut patriam tutam facerent.

Ubi malum virum vidērunt, Solus Rangerus clamābat "Hi! O! Silvere"; et magnus equus contendit ut malum virum superāret. Tum Solus Rangerus arma excipit, et "Bang, Bang" et malus vir moritur. Dictum est, Solum Rangerum unā manū Iasonen interficere potuisse, quod fortissimus et acerrimus erat.

Virī semper nomen, Solum Rangerum, memoriā tenebunt.

RICHARD KEARSLEY '43



1. form of preposition "out of"
2. a common conjunction
3. a suffix for emphasis
4. abl. of a noun meaning "fear"

5. nom. of a noun meaning "weapon"
6. supine in um of "effero"
7. an obsolete trans. of "invideo"

ANNE RICHARDS '42

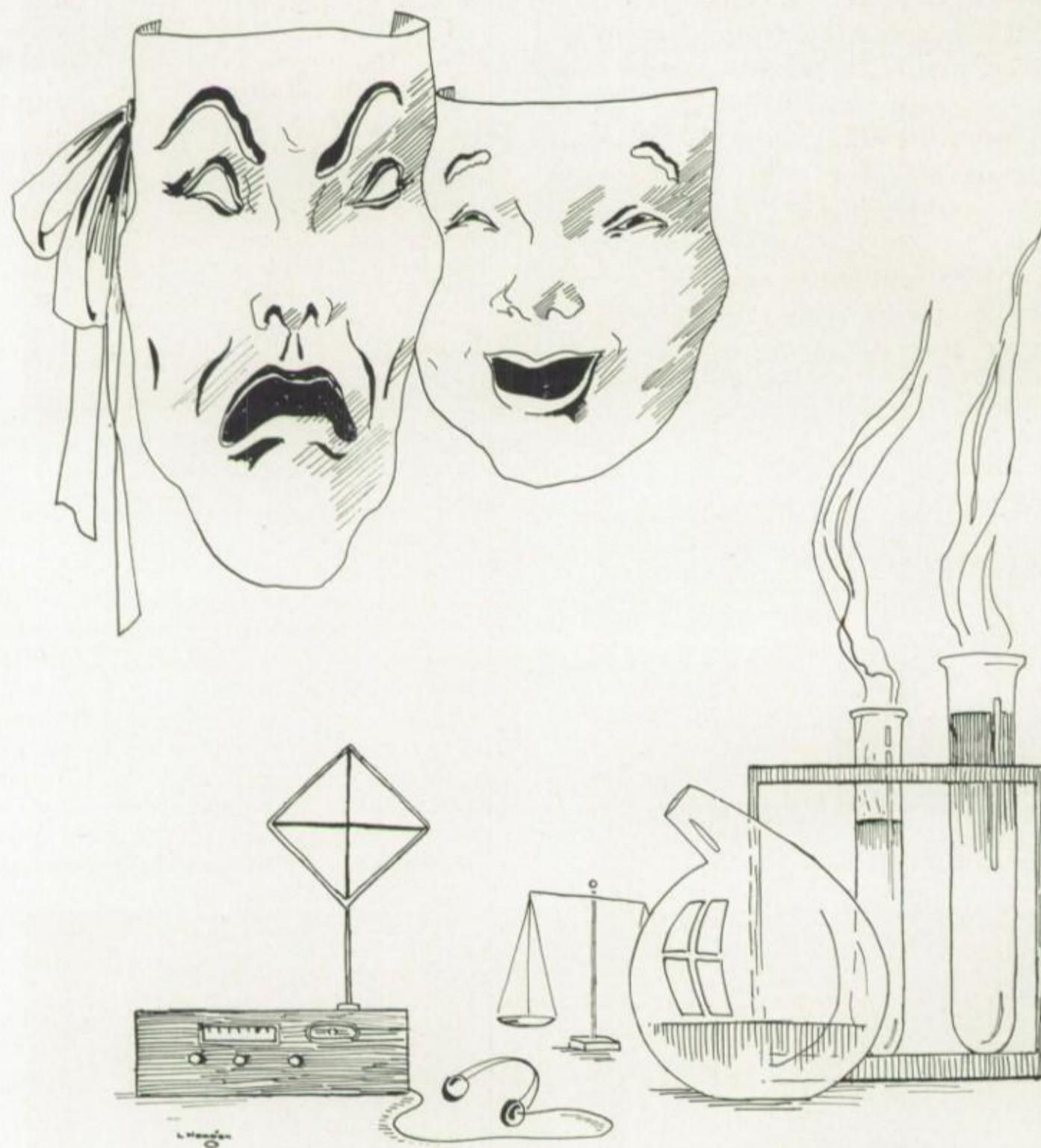
MY REPORT CARD

I get "A+" in English,
"B+" in Chemistry—
Another one in Algebra,
The Honor Roll I see.
But then I come to Latin,
I look, and "Woe is me!"
The Honor Roll retreats
Before my bright red "C."

CONNIE MURRAY '42

ALUMNI CENSUS

	'38 GIRLS	'39 GIRLS	'40 GIRLS
Working	27	45	41
Married	6	11	2
At Home	5	7	6
At School	14	28	16
	'38 BOYS	'39 BOYS	'40 BOYS
Working	46	36	39
Enlisted	4	4	5
At Home	2	2	3
At School	14	19	21



ACTIVITIES



CHEER LEADERS

John Gascoyne, Agnes Emond, Robert Drew, Barbara Viets, and George Canucci

Plymouth—

April 15 and 16, 1941



The opera "Martha", by Von Flotow, was very beautifully presented by students of the Plymouth Senior High School. With Walter Corrow as the gentle and sincere

Lionel, William Lamborghini as the amusing and boisterous Plunket, Faith

Millman as the sweet and shy Martha, Marjorie Neal as the happy Nancy, Allan Burgess as the stern Sheriff of Richmond, and Loring Belcher with his highly amusing interpretation of the blundering Tristan, the principals proved to be well cast.

Generous credit belongs to the pupils and teachers who worked on ticket sales, properties, costumes, and stage settings, but it was the fine cooperation of all concerned in this production which made it a finished and colorful performance.



PRINCIPALS IN THE OPERETTA "MARTHA"

Faith Millman as Lady Harriet, Walter Corrow as Lionel, Allan Burgess as the Sheriff of Richmond, Loring Belcher as Tristan of Mickleford, William Lamborghini as Plunket, and Marjorie Neal as Nancy



STUDENT ACTIVITIES SOCIETY

Front Row: Miss Rafter, Walter Corrow, George Doten, Joan Holmes, Agnes Emond, Betty Whiting, George Shea, Idore Benati, Mary Creati, Laura Paoletti, Frances Barlow, Harold De Carli, Robert Wilson, and Miss Wilber

Second Row: Mr. Pyle, Joan Gardner, Dorothy Morton, Melquezideque Perry, Roger Whiting, Theodore Lodi, Paul Brewster, Elenore Hall, Ruth Pederzani, and Miss Lang

Third Row: Frederick Wirzburger, Benjamin Brewster, Joseph Lamborghini, David Hamilton, Richard Kearsley, Dean Stevens, Edwin Bastoni, Joseph Tavernelli, Alvin Montanari, George Radcliffe, and William Lamborghini

STUDENT ACTIVITIES SOCIETY

Teacher Sponsor

MISS AMY RAFTER

Founded 1933

36 Members

Officers

President IDORE BENATI

Vice-President THEODORE MARTIN

Secretary GEORGE SHEA

Purpose

The purpose of the S. A. S., an organization representing the entire student body of the Plymouth High School, is to encourage and coördinate activities both new and old within the school.

Activities

The S. A. S. has been particularly ambitious this year in the numerous projects it has undertaken. First, it was host to various schools in the South-eastern Branch of Associated Body of Student Councils, which met at Plymouth High School on October 30, 1940. Mr. Stacey B. Southworth, headmaster at Thayer Academy, addressed the afternoon session on "Pilgrims of Today, The American Youth." During his speech, Mr. Southworth read two interesting and timely documents: one, a speech delivered by Hitler at Nuremberg to the children of Germany; the other, a speech by the former prime minister of England to the children of that country.

At the business meeting Miss Alice G. Langford, National Secretary, related an interesting and amusing account of the journey to the Milwaukee Convention.

Joseph Lamborghini was chosen vice-president of the Society because the former vice-president had moved from the district.

"The Tantrum," a one-act comedy coached by Miss Dorris Moore, was presented by members of our Dramatic Club after the business meeting had been adjourned.

The banking system, which was organized in 1939 under the supervision of Miss Elizabeth Kelly, a member of the Commercial Department, has operated successfully throughout the year. By depositing regularly each Wednesday morning, students learn the value of thrift.

The proceeds from the Operetta "Martha," which, through the courtesy of the music department, was the S. A. S. money-making project for the year, were divided among the major organizations of the school.

As has been the custom in the past, the S. A. S. assumed responsibility for the appeal for Jordan Hospital donations at Thanksgiving time. Miss Marjorie Wilber sponsored this very successful undertaking.

This year the Christmas Seal Drive, which has been an annual affair at the Plymouth High School since 1938, was supervised by Miss Amy Rafter. Each year the total amount of money collected has steadily increased. This year a graph was made to show the number of seals bought by each class. Joseph Lamborghini was General Manager, assisted by three general floor managers. Each home room had a representative in charge of sales.

Each year the S. A. S. sponsors a variety of assembly programs. This year Mrs. Aloha Baker, "The World's Most Travelled Woman," entertained the student body with a motion picture and a travel talk about the Far East. A lively question period followed. Another program featured the "Great Bruce," a magician, whose excursion into the

realm of mystery entertained and mystified his audience.

The W. P. A. Band from Brockton played at the Washington and Lincoln assembly under the auspices of the S. A. S. The program was enthusiastically received.

The cheer leaders, under the leadership of Mr. Carlo Guidaboni, have been active at the football and basketball games this year.

In December the S. A. S. sponsored a membership drive for the Junior Red Cross, under the supervision of Mr. Arthur Pyle. Alvin Montanari, the General Chairman, was assisted by representatives in every home room. A sufficient amount of money was collected to enable each home room to become a member of the Junior Red Cross.



PRESS CLUB

Front Row: Richard Gavone, Joseph Bergamini, Marjorie Neal, Ruth Pederzani, Ruth Tavares, and David Briggs

Second Row: Miss Moore, Helen Arnold, Florinda Leal, Barbara Fish, Harold Hayward, Doris Rogan, Evelyn Ryerson, George Canucci, and Muriel Humphrey

JUNIOR PRESS CLUB

Teacher Sponsor

MISS DORRIS MOORE

Founded 1929 13 Members

Purpose

The Junior Press Club is a small organization of writers trained to report to the local papers on the activities of the school. Membership is determined by submission of suitable editorial material in open competition at the end of the sophomore year.

Instead of officers this club has editors — Editor-in-chief — Richard Gavone; S. A. S. Editor — Ruth Pederzani;

Sports — Florinda Leal and Harold Hayward; Science — Joseph Bergamini; Scrapbook — David Briggs; "The Pilgrim" — George Canucci; Arts and Crafts — Evelyn Ryerson; Home Economics and Social Benefits — Doris Rogan and Barbara Fish; Latin Club — Muriel Humphrey, and Assemblies — Helen Arnold.

Members bring news to each meeting and discuss material for publication in the "New Bedford Times", "The Old Colony Memorial", "The Brockton Enterprise", and the "Plymouth News Digest".



DRAMATIC CLUB

Front Row: Shirley Hanson, Helen Sherman, Laura Resnick, Shirley Collins, Muriel Humphrey, Barbara Fish, and Marjorie Neal
Second Row: Barbara Wood, Patrice Dowd, Pauline Gilbert, Anne Donovan, Miss Moore, Gladys Cohen, Barbara Jones, Doris Bergonzini, and Marcia Brooks
Third Row: Harold Hayward, George Carter, Albert Hatton, Robert Post, Robert Cook, and George Canucci

DRAMATIC CLUB

Teacher Sponsor

MISS DORRIS MOORE

Founded 1940 22 Members

The Dramatic Club is a newly-organized club sponsored for the pupils interested in play production. This group presented a one-act comedy, "The Tantrum", before the student body and the

S. A. S. Convention. The play was enthusiastically received on both occasions.

Several of the club members had leading roles in the operetta "Martha", and several more took part in "Glad Tidings from Dark Days," a patriotic program in song and story presented by Plymouth High School students before the Plymouth Woman's Club.



A scene from "Glad Tidings from Dark Days," presented before the Plymouth Woman's Club by the Plymouth High School



NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Front Row: Laura Resnick, Laura Paoletti, Dorris Bliss, Betty Whiting, Walter Corrōw, Mary Creati, Dorothy Morton, Frances Johnson, and Faith Millman
Second Row: Mr. Guidaboni, Marian Radcliffe, Jeanette Franks, Lydia Mongan, Anne Donovan, Evon Briggs, Anna Scotti, Doris Bernardoni, and Mr. Romano
Third Row: George Doten, Robert Wilson, Idore Benati, Richard Wirtzburger, Joseph Lamborghini, Alvin Montanari, Harold De Carli, and George Canucci

THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Teacher Sponsors

MR. MARIO ROMANO

MR. CARLO GUIDABONI

Founded 1929

25 Members

President WALTER CORROW

Vice-President BETTY WHITING

Secretary MARY CREATI

The members of this society are chosen on a class percentage basis by vote of the faculty. In February of this year twelve per cent of the Junior class were elected, while another five per cent of the Seniors become eligible in June. A student must be in the upper fourth of his class to be considered for membership in the society, but scholastic standing plays only a part in the selection of this group. A student must also be a good leader, possess a fine moral character, and participate in school activities. Membership in this organization bestows the highest honor that can be given to a student in the school.

Activities

This year the society continued the work commenced two years ago—the maintainence of a large college catalogue library in the high school office. The library should be of great service to those students planning to enter college.

Then, too, the society has assumed the responsibility of gathering information on the activities of its former members.

On March 31, April Fool's Eve, an informal initiation was held in Room 106 with all members present. After the newly-elected members had been duly initiated into the society, refreshments were served.

The last three meetings of the society were of a business and social nature. The socials were in charge of three groups—the newly-elected Juniors, the Seniors, and the society officers.

Once again the National Honor Society sponsored the senior Get-Togthers. Music was furnished by a recording machine and also by a schoolboy orchestra.

The last activity of the year was a picnic held in June.

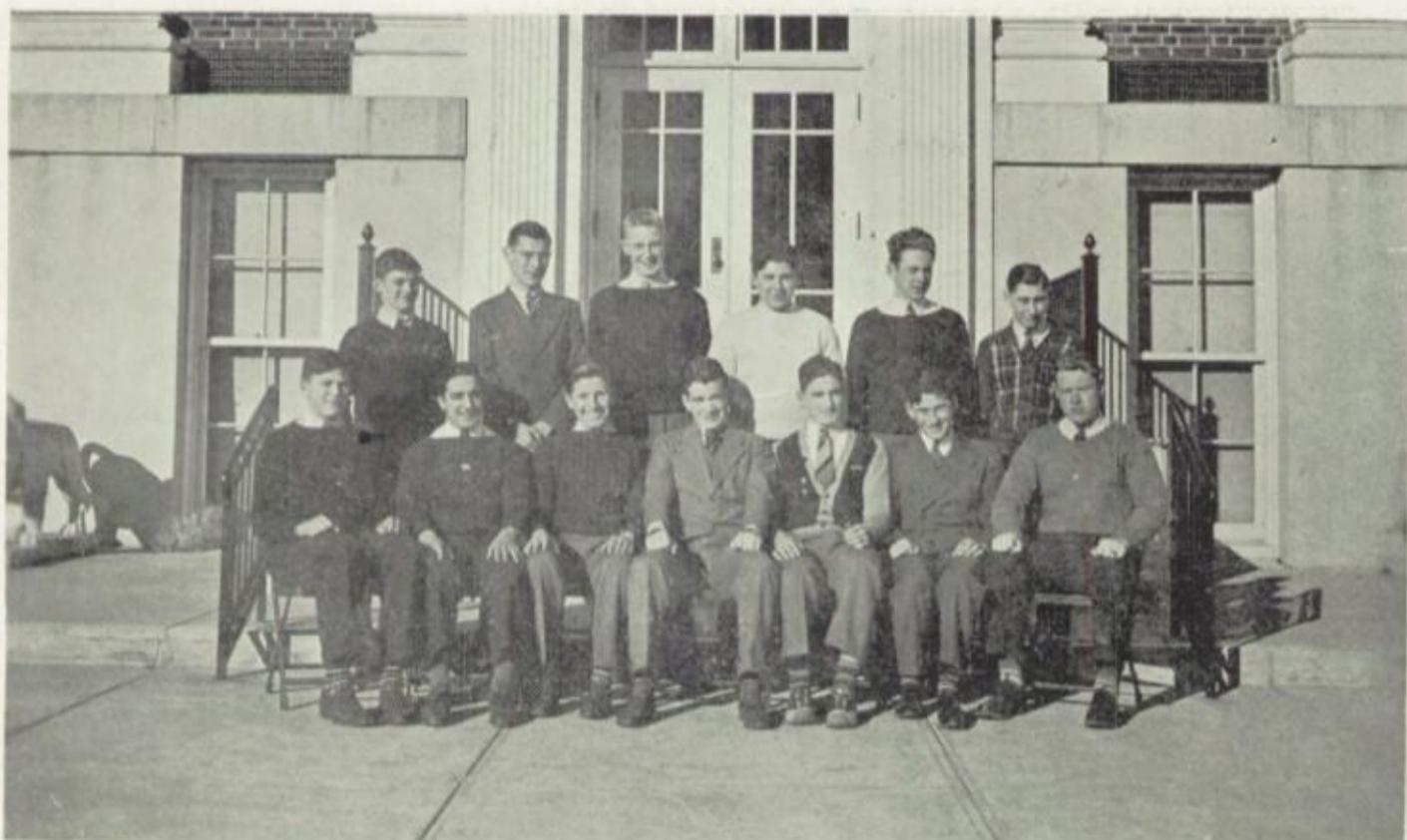
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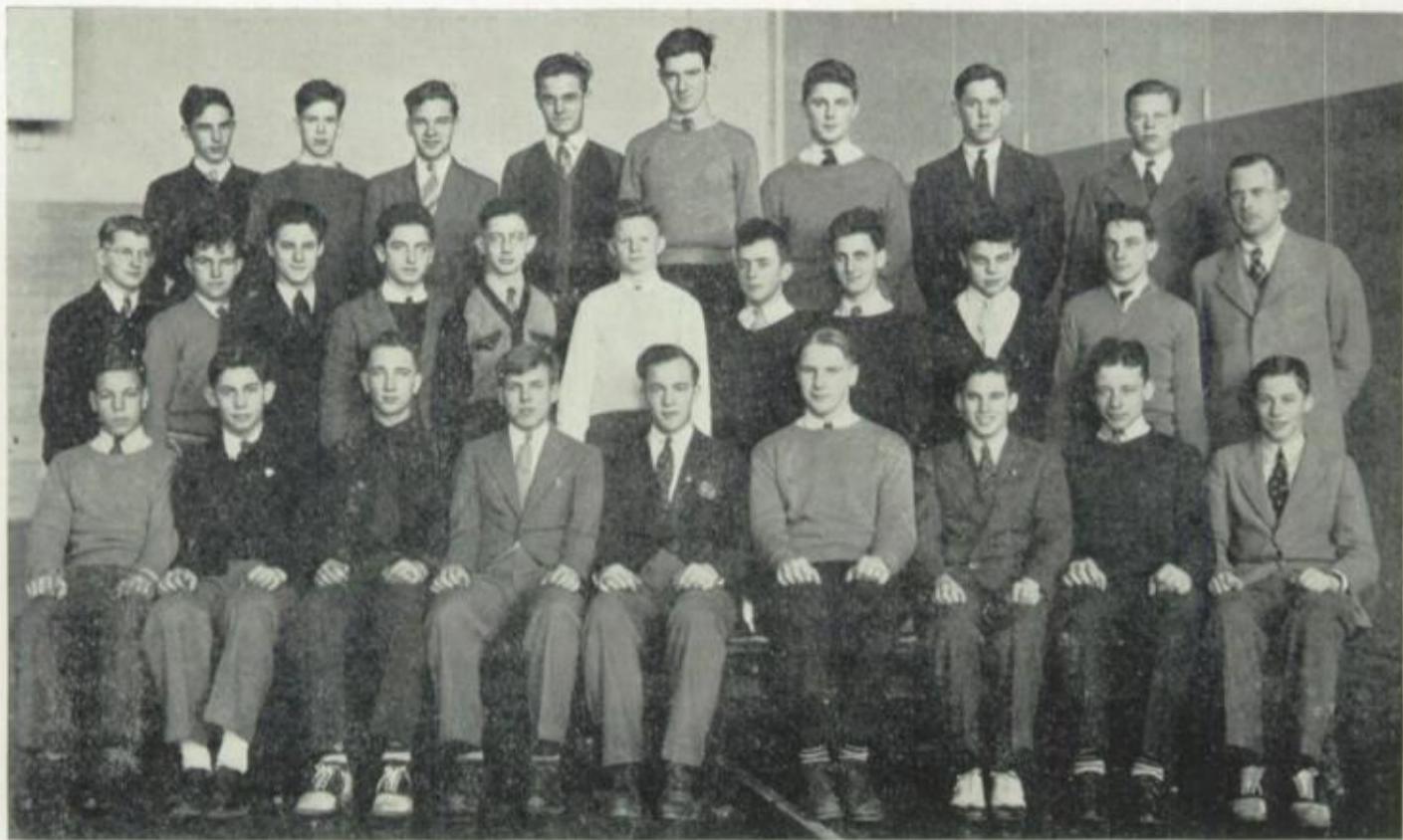
BANKERS

Front Row: Joseph Giovanetti, Arthur Amaral, Theodore Lodi, George Shea, Alvin Montanari, Frederick Witzburger, and Allan Burgess
Second Row: Edmund Axford, Richard Gavone, Richard Witzburger, Arthur Moskos, John Nutterville, and Ruez Gallerani



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Front Row: Barbara Viets, Harriet Bassett, Mercy Kellen, Shirley Collins, Anna Jesse, Caroline Barufaldi, Teresa De Trani, Mary Capozucca, Olive Harlow, Charlotte Valler, Frances Nutterville, Faith Millman, Elizabeth Heath, Muriel Humphrey, and Lois Jesse
Second Row: Ruth Pederzani, Dorothy Morton, Laura Resnick, Anna Borghesani, Laura Sylvia, Marie Shimmelbush, Gladys Cohen, Jean Boutin, Naomi McNeil, Marion Finney, Miss Hunt, Doris Bernardoni, Doris Bergonzini, Joan Gardner, Pearl Vitti, Phyllis Diegoli, Isabel Hunt, Priscilla Crawley, Pamela Damment, Julia Schneider, Grace Lacey, and Evelyn Ryerson
Third Row: Barbara Fish, Elspeth Sloane, Jeanette Franks, Helen Sherman, Mary Anderson, Jane Reynolds, Anne Richards, Leona Vannah, Martha Vickery, Evelyn Boyle, Helene Longhi, Anne Donovan, Phyllis Lawday, Marylew Haire, Marjorie Neal, Mary Kennedy, Betty Curtin, Pauline Leonardi, Marian Radcliffe, Dorothy Phelan, Helen Whiting, Barbara Jones, and Helen Arnold



SCIENCE CLUB

Front Row: Joseph Sylvia, Malcolm Chamberlain, Donald Parsons, Errington Brown, Norman Longhi, George Carter, George Doten, Joseph Bergamini, and Alfred Holmes
Second Row: Raymond Bibeau, William Winter, Joseph Fratus, Roderick Magee, George Holmes, Bernard Kirtzmacher, Arthur Tache, Richard Po, Walter Silva, Allen Longhi, and Mr. Packard
Third Row: Albert Pillsbury, Robert Cook, Wesley Nickerson, John Demaine, John Cadorette, William Lamborghini, Harold Hayward, and Samuel Franc

SCIENCE CLUB

Teacher Sponsor

MR. JOHN W. PACKARD

Founded 1935

25 Members

President NORMAN LONGHI

Vice-President ERRINGTON BROWN
(Aviation)

Vice-President GEORGE CARTER
(Radio)

Secretary-Treasurer DONALD PARSONS

Once a week the Science Club convenes in Room 102. After a short business meeting, a discussion period follows, at which time a lecture is delivered by Mr. Packard or by one of the club members. On several occasions an outside speaker has addressed the group, or motion picture films have been shown.

Through the courtesy of the New

England Telephone Company, the members of the club visited Radio Station WOU at Green Harbor. The engineer in charge, Mr. Steele, explained the details of the operations of the shortwave radio telephone transmitters and receivers. He also discussed with the organization the advantages of membership in the Naval Communication Reserve.

The club members have been trained in the operation of the shortwave radio receiver and phonograph amplifier, and on request have set up and operated the equipment for the teachers in the classrooms or auditorium.

During the year, members learned radio code signals, and several boys have built airplane models.

Further plans include field trips to study airplanes and airport facilities.

FRANKLIN AUTO SUPPLY

We hope that you will do unto

*Our Advertisers as they have done
by us.*



BAND

Front Row: Jane Reynolds, Charlotte Valler, Betty Curtin, and Patricia Douglass
Second Row: Joseph Kaiser, Wallace MacLean, Tony Costa, Mr. Pacheco, John Kelley, Donald Mayers, Roderick Magee, and Errington Brown
Third Row: Thomas Brewer, Francis Stas, John Souza, Manuel Silva, Tony Soares, Louis Sitta, and Donald Douglas
Fourth Row: Loring Belcher, Edwin Bastoni, Herbert Costa, Charles Stasinos, Harold De Carli, Walter St. George, and Howard Haire



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Front Row: Errington Brown, Evan Yates, Albert Hatton, Miss Hunt, George Carter, Norman Longhi, and Walter Corrow
Second Row: Alfred Holmes, Wesley Nickerson, Raymond Bibeau, George Doten, Edward Penn, and Norman Gifford
Third Row: John Ragonetti, Donald Parsons, Edward Rioux, Edward Cavicchi, Edwin Baker, and Allan Burgess



LATIN CLUB

Roger Whiting, Barbara Jones, Miss Wilber, and Richard Kearsley

LATIN CLUB

Teacher Sponsor

MISS MARJORIE WILBER

Founded 1938 30 Members

Officers

President ROGER WHITING

Vice-President RICHARD KEARSLEY

Secretary-Treasurer BARBARA JONES

Activities

The Latin Club, which meets once a month at the school or at a member's home, was organized for pupils keenly interested in the study of Latin.

The Hollywood Dance, which was sponsored by the Latin and Art Clubs, was a very successful affair. Cash prizes were awarded for the best impersonations of Hollywood stars.



GIRLS' SEXTET

Front Row: Anna Jesse, Dorothy Morton, and Mercy Kellen

Second Row: Faith Millman, Doris Bergonzini, Marjorie Neal, Martha Vickery, and Helen Whiting



RED CROSS GROUP

Mary Bonzagni, Miss Boucher, Florence Smith, Dorothy Costa, Thelma Karle, Althea Malaguti, Lois Jesse, Shirley Thomas, Marjorie Cadose, Eva Creati, and Dorothy Schneider

VOCATIONAL RED CROSS

Teacher Sponsor

MISS VIOLA BOUCHER

Founded 1941 11 Members

This year a Red Cross group was organized at the Plymouth High School under the leadership of Miss Viola Boucher, head of the Vocational Arts Department. Eleven sophomore girls in

Vocational Arts Classes made thirty layettes for the British Relief.

In the spring a Red Cross Knitting Club was organized by the Dean of Girls, Mrs. Miriam Raymond. Helen Whiting served as captain of the senior unit; Joan Holmes led the juniors; Betty Curtin, the sophomores. Approximately sixty girls made shawls, scarfs, beanies, sweaters, and mittens.



ORCHESTRA

Front Row: George Doten, Alfred Holmes, Martha Vickery, Mr. Pacheco, Dorothy Bagni, Anna Borghesani, Mercy Kellen, and Frances Johnson

Second Row: George Jesse, Edmund Gianferrari, Wesley Nickerson, Evan Yates, Donald Parsons, Philip Manchester, and Melquezideque Perry

Third Row: Loring Belcher, Howard Haire, John Kelley, Wallace MacLean, Errington Brown, Charles Stasinos, and Walter St. George

THE MUSICOLUMN

Plymouth—September, 1940

Six girls formed a musical sextet today because of the enjoyment they get from ensemble singing. The group consists of: sopranos—Faith Millman and Marjorie Neal; second sopranos—Mercy Kellen and Martha Vickery; and altos—Helen Whiting and Doris Bergonzini. The sextet has already received several invitations, and is looking forward to a very successful year.

Plymouth—October 8, 1940

The Women's Civic Association was entertained by the Girls' Sextet this evening at a meeting which was held at the Plymouth Rock House. An alumni trio consisting of Melquezideque Perry, Robert Tedeschi, and Umberto Stanghellini, also entertained. The program received many generous compliments.

Plymouth—Any Saturday

The Plymouth High School Band has been doing its part in a big way at the local football games these Saturday afternoons. Their colorful uniforms add much to the atmosphere of the games. For that matter, so does their music, which is under the careful leadership of Mr. John Pacheco.



Plymouth—November 11, 1940

The sextet entertained at The Women's Alliance of the First Church this afternoon. The performance was highly praised, and a very kind letter was sent to Miss Beatrice Hunt, their musical advisor.

Plymouth—November 28, 1940

The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs combined to offer music for the very impressive Thanksgiving pageant this afternoon in the Memorial Hall. Also participating in the affair were the Plymouth Women's Glee Club and Men's Glee Club. All music was under the direction of Miss Beatrice Hunt.

Plymouth—December 18, 1940

A very joyful and timely program was presented by the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs this afternoon for the enjoyment of Christmas shoppers. It consisted mainly of Christmas carols, but part of the program was devoted to numbers played by Mr.



John Pacheco and some members of the High School Band.

Plymouth—December 20, 1940

A Christmas assembly was presented here today by the Reverend Mr. Alfred R. Hussey. After selections from Dickens' "Christmas Carol", the combined Glee Clubs joined the student body in the singing of carols.

Plymouth—February 1, 1941

The "In And About Boston Music Educators' Association" was entertained by the sextet at the University Club. The girls were in their usual good form, and many compliments were received from those members present. The sextet as of this date consists of: sopranos—Faith Millman and Marjorie Neal; second sopranos—Martha Vickery and Anna Jesse; altos Helen Whiting and Doris Bergonzini. Anna Jesse is substituting for Mercy Kellen because of illness.

Plymouth—February 5, 1941

The Plymouth High School Orchestra and combined Glee Clubs furnished music for the Plymouth Woman's Club Education Afternoon.

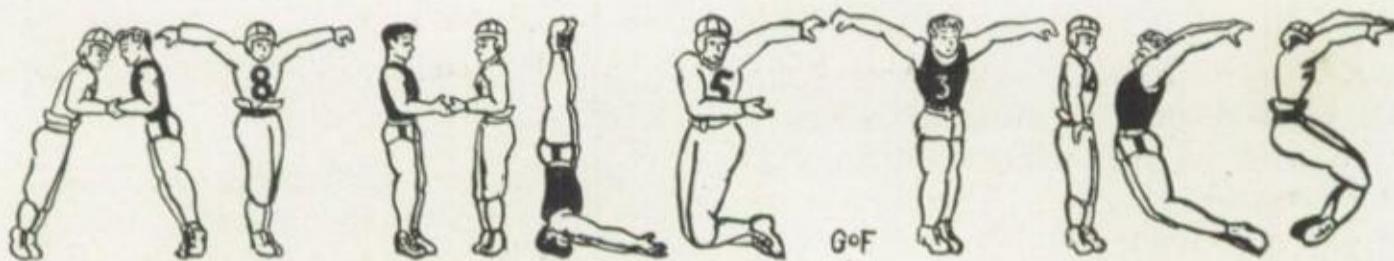
Plymouth—March 5, 1941

The Plymouth High School Orchestra presented a short concert for the Plymouth Woman's Club at the High School this afternoon. The orchestra played several numbers before the very amusing play, "Neighbors" by Zona Gale. To introduce the play, Melquezideque Perry played a few strains of "Home Sweet Home."



Plymouth—March 12, 1941

The sextet, accompanied by Miss Beatrice Hunt, attended the New London Festival of Music. They left Plymouth early in the morning and arrived at their destination in the early afternoon. Most of the five days were spent in hard practice with the many other musical groups which attended the festival from many towns and cities all over the United States. They also had the opportunity to visit the Coast Guard Station in New London. Saturday evening, March 15, the combined groups gave a very successful concert followed by a grand ball. Besides making many new friends, the sextet gained much through this musical experience.



FOOTBALL ROUNDUP

WITH the newly-appointed coach, Mr. John Walker, and assistant coach Romano at the helm, Plymouth High opened its 1940 season against Hingham and registered victory number one at the expense of the Trojans. The first victory was one of the seven piled up by Plymouth's gridiron stars. They suffered two setbacks, one of which was hard to lose. That was when Plymouth played in Abington and the two teams were deadlocked for the first half. However, late in the third quarter Abington recovered a fumble on Plymouth's two-yard stripe. It was then only a matter of McPhelmy driving over his right guard for the touchdown. This was the only score of the game, and Abington finished on top by a 6—0 count.

Plymouth's grid stars on the following Saturday stopped Rockland's uncertain football machine by a 13—0 count and registered victory number two.

The next game played was that between Plymouth and its newly-established football connection, Attleboro. Plymouth won this hard-fought game by a 13—0 score. The two touchdowns came in the second and third periods as the result of passes. The first score, late in the second period, was the culmination of a 78 yard sustained drive, in which Plymouth in just four passes and four rushes reached pay dirt. Bernardo, Benati, and Strassel set up this touchdown with Bernardo and Benati throwing them and Strassel on the receiving end. Silvio Adamo scored the second touchdown on a reverse play, taking the lateral from Captain Stevens in close formation. This came early in the third period after Bernardo had intercepted an Attleboro pass on the Attleboro 28 yard line. Benati then threw a pass, Bernardo received it, and the 138 pound back was downed on the Jeweler's three-yard stripe. Bernardo was hurt on the play, and was forced to leave the game. He was replaced by Adamo who

went over for Plymouth's second touchdown after two more plays.

On the following Saturday, Plymouth scored its fourth victory of the season by winning a victory over Bridgewater by a 14—7 score. Bernardo's passing and Benati's power driving were two reasons for the Plymouth scores. Benati, in both instances, booted between the uprights with Bernardo holding. Bridgewater scored on a lateral to Dame on Bridgewater's 30 yard stripe and he raced 65 yards up the field, being downed just 5 yards short of a score. In the third period, a pass from Zion scored for the stubborn Bridgewater eleven.

A doubtful Middleboro team went down fighting the next Saturday at Middleboro. The Orange and Black scored a touchdown in the third period to throw a scare into the Plymouth boys who had 12 points chalked up, but the game ended with Plymouth the victor 12—6.

In a downpour of rain the following week, Plymouth and Whitman fought their forty-sixth annual classic and Plymouth won its fifth straight victory from the Red and Black with Bernardo and Benati doing all the scoring to give Plymouth a 13—0 win.

Weymouth High's gridiron champs kept their slate clean when they invaded and completely dominated the play to defeat Plymouth 34—7. Cavallo, Delorey, and Wheeler were the main scoring factors for Weymouth. Benati, not at all happy about the score, passed and rushed his way to Weymouth's four-yard line and then plunged over for Plymouth's lone touchdown.

The final game of the season found Plymouth making good its chances to even the series with a newcomer, Barnstable, by defeating the Cape Codders 25—6 to end a successful grid season. Barnstable was stopped cold in the last two periods when Plymouth rolled up a score which gave Coaches Walker and Romano something to talk about. This game also climaxed the high school football career of Idore Benati, Adelino

Bernardo, Martin McAuley, Harold Strassel, Edward Ribeiro, and Captain Dean Stevens, who graduate this year.

**PLYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL
FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1940**

	OPP.	P. H. S.
Hingham—at Home	0	13
Abington—Away	6	0
Rockland—at Home	0	13
Attleboro—at Home	0	13
Bridgewater—at Home	7	14
Middleboro—Away	6	12
Whitman—Away	0	13
Weymouth—at Home	34	7
Barnstable—Away	6	25

A PASSING ATTACK

FIRST of all, a tribute to the second team. The varsity agrees that the subs provided stiff opposition during scrimmage practices. Teddy Martin, second-string quarterback, injured his leg during one of these sessions.

The boys haven't forgiven the referee of the Middleboro game for the perfect block on Eddie Ribeiro who was chasing a Middleboro back who had completed a pass. The back scored a touchdown as Ribeiro, the only obstacle in his way, was taken out by the referee—unintentionally, of course.

At Nantucket where the Plymouth third-stringers were badly beaten by the powerful Nantucket varsity, the Barbieri brothers were so eager that, in the course of the game, the boys growled at their opposition. Ever since that game, the boys have been appropriately named the "Growler Brothers."

When some player missed a pass or failed to carry out an assignment, Coach Walker usually cried, "Get a gun!" or "Shoot him!"

When Coach Romano threw a bad pass, he explained, "Wait till I throw a few more. I haven't warmed up enough."

One day Danny Sullivan fell right into a mud puddle as he was running out for a pass. Loring Belcher received a magnificent black eye during a second team game. When Bliss hit the tackling dummy, he recoiled beautifully.

The boys on the squad, as well as the coaches, agree that they have had a fine time this season. All seniors regret they cannot play football next year, but wish next year's squad the best of luck.

IDORE BENATI '41



Coach Walker, Capt. Stevens and Coach Romano

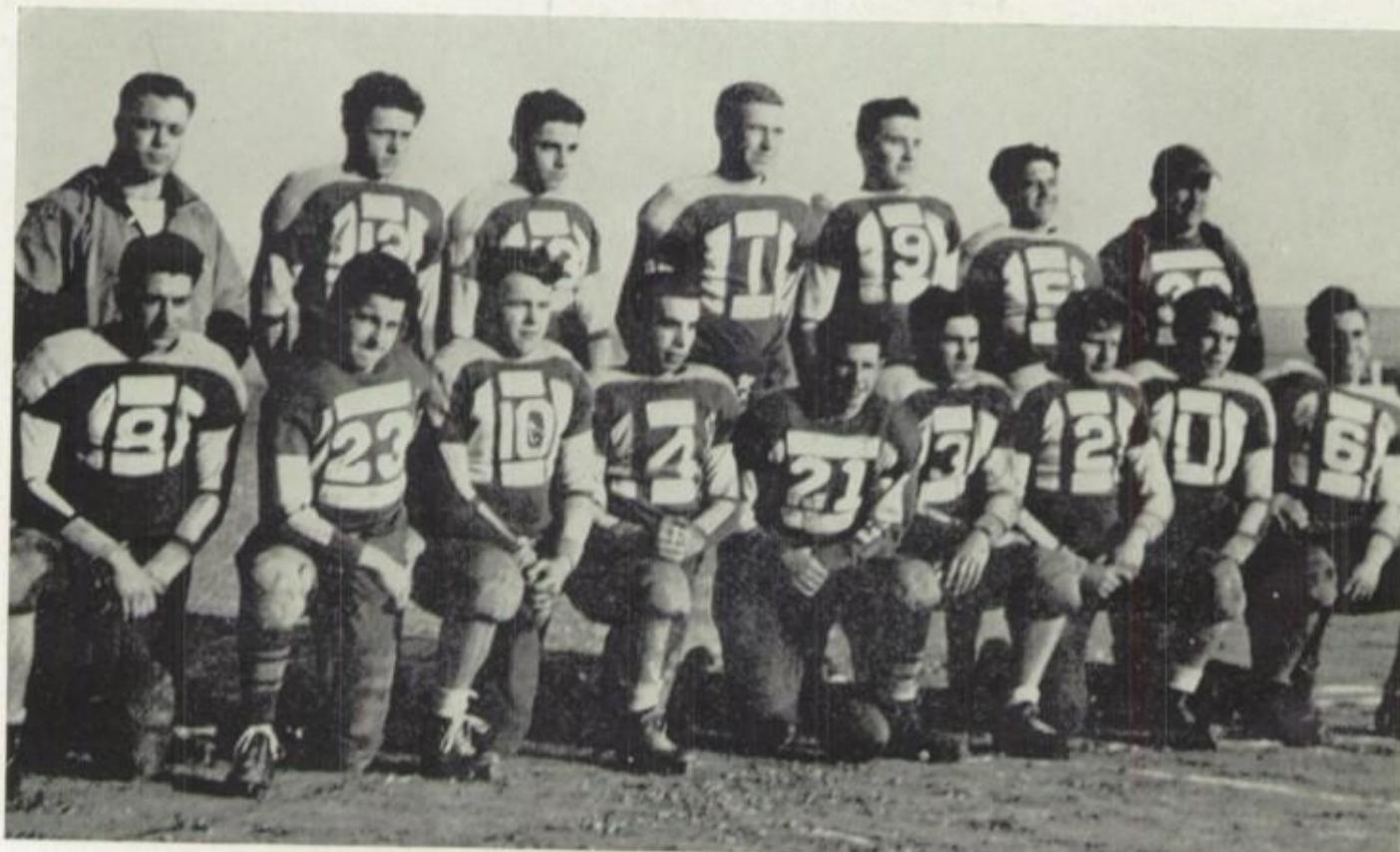
GET THAT BALL

ANOTHER year of basketball has passed, and the season of '40-'41 is now a memory. However, the players will not easily forget some of the games played. Although the hoop team of P. H. S. lost six games, it also defeated eight teams to earn a percentage of .600, which is nothing to be ashamed of considering the calibre of the teams that Plymouth High must compete against.

To start the season, the Plymouth hoopsters journeyed to Abington, and before a capacity crowd drubbed last year's champions to the tune of 37-15. The Plymouth boys shared fairly equally in the scoring, but the speed of Captain Bernardo and the scoring of Arthur Pederzani, who caged six field goals that were magnificent, were outstanding.

The second game at Hingham was a thriller from start to finish, but Plymouth ended on the short end of a 31-28 score. The game was decided in the last minute of play after Plymouth had tied the score at 28-28.

The third game at Rockland brought together two great rivals in basketball. Rockland High, previously rated as the best schoolboy team in the district, was



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Front Row: Murdock Christie, Arthur Ruozzi, Martin McAuley, Edward Ribeiro, George Butters, Arthur Moskos, Sidney Shwom, Albert Post, and Harold Strassel
Second Row: Coach John Walker, Silvio Adamo, Harold Maccaferri, Dean Stevens, Idore Benati, Adelino Bernardo, and Mr. Mario Romano

removed from its high perch when the Plymouth sharpshooters took a 36—33 decision in a truly hard-fought game. The Rockland players went down gloriously with every evidence of good sportsmanship. Captain Bernardo played the greatest game of his high school career by caging 13 points and by setting up many plays.

East Bridgewater invaded Plymouth the following Friday night and captured a 48—36 decision. East Bridgewater led all the way, although the last two periods were rather close until late in the fourth period.

On the following Tuesday, Plymouth invaded East Bridgewater, but was repulsed to the tune of 27—18. This game also was decided in the last quarter. Captain Bernardo and Arthur Pederzani scored 13 of the 18 points for the Plymouth cause.

The night following the East Bridgewater tilt, Plymouth encountered a stubborn North Attleboro team, and, after a rough encounter which put Adelino Bernardo and Vito Brigida on the bench on fouls, Plymouth registered a one-point triumph, 30—29.

Behind the shooting of Pederzani and Bernardo, Plymouth made it victory number five at the expense of a fast-breaking Middleboro team, the final score being 35—20.

The work of Wilbert Cingolani and Arthur Pederzani helped bring Plymouth victory number six when they

scored 29 points against a hard-fighting Bridgewater outfit.

This same Bridgewater team revenged itself by walking over Plymouth on its home floor by a 44—29 score. This game was closely contested at the half, with the Plymouth lads having a slender 21—20 lead.

The following Friday North Attleboro traveled to Plymouth, only to go back disappointed at a 35—23 setback.

Then Plymouth High lost all the pep it possessed in the North Attleboro clash, and dropped a 35—27 thriller to Abington. Again Bernardo and Pederzani caged 23 of the 27 points scored.

The next game was eagerly awaited, for the Plymouth hoopsters were out to avenge the three-point defeat handed to them by Hingham for Plymouth's first setback. The contest was closely fought all the way, but Plymouth managed to hold on to a one-point lead to even the count with Hingham for the year. The final score was 39—38.

Rockland made its Plymouth début by copping a well-earned 38—32 victory from an in-and-out Plymouth basketball team.

Plymouth High started off on the right foot in the Brockton Tournament by drubbing a slow-moving Randolph team, 48—27. In the semi-final tilt, Plymouth High encountered the heavily-favored Stoughton team. Stoughton, who was picked to wade through all opposition in Class "A", met a snag in the



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Front Row: Errington Brown, Manager, Gerald Romano, Adelino Bernardo, Peter Brigida, and Coach John Walker
 Second Row: Wilbert Cingolani, Bernard Lexner, Richard Wirtzburger, and Vito Brigida.
 Third Row: Arthur Pederzani, Dean Stevens, and Idore Benati

Plymouth crew and, after a hard-fought, nip and tuck affair, emerged the winner by a one-point margin in the overtime period—the final score being 42—41. Captain Bernardo and Arthur Pederzani displayed their usual good form and scored 37 of the 41 points for Plymouth. MacKay, for Stoughton, put in the last and game-winning basket for the smooth-playing Stoughton team after Plymouth had become the apparent winner with only 17 seconds left to play. And with this résumé, the curtain falls on another basketball season at Plymouth High School.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Alumni at Plymouth	56	29
Abington at Abington	37	15
Hingham at Hingham	28	31
Rockland at Rockland	36	33
East Bridgewater at Plymouth	30	48
East Bridgewater at East Bridgewater	18	27
No. Attleboro at No. Attleboro	30	29
Middleboro at Plymouth	35	20
Bridgewater at Plymouth	39	33
No. Attleboro at Plymouth	35	23
Abington at Plymouth	27	35
Hingham at Plymouth	39	38
Rockland at Plymouth	32	38
Plymouth at Bridgewater	29	44

SOPHOMORE SAGA

We're the class that's hard to beat
 On gridiron, quiz, or in the street;
 We may not pass on every test,
 Yet we're still up there with the rest.
 In P. H. S. we all excel,
 And we don't lag upon the bell;
 Down corridor we madly tear,
 You see for speed we have a flair.
 In sports, you say, there's been small
 cheer
 For any sophomore yet this year,
 But just you wait a little while
 And we'll be best in any trial.
 Our leader is a noble man
 By name of William Jackson Lam—
 To him and his we do accord
 The job of representing Ford.
 Kearsley comes from Manomet,
 And he's our good vice-president:
 He owns a car—nine years it's run,
 Like all old Fords, its time is done.
 Our secretary played the 'cello,
 Its tones were far from sweet and
 mellow—
 But now o'er keyboard "Jonesie" roams
 Evoking even weirder tones.
 Now at our till is Bouncing Ben,
 For surplus coin he has a yen—
 Although our books he'd gladly run,
 Our assets now are just plain none.
 In summing up you can't deny
 We sophomores hit an all-time high:
 Also by now you all must see
 This so-called poem's a fallacy.
 —By Two Sophomores



Marion Radcliffe
Right Fullback

Helen Whiting - Goalie

FIELD HOCKEY 1940



Pat Farina - Left Fullback



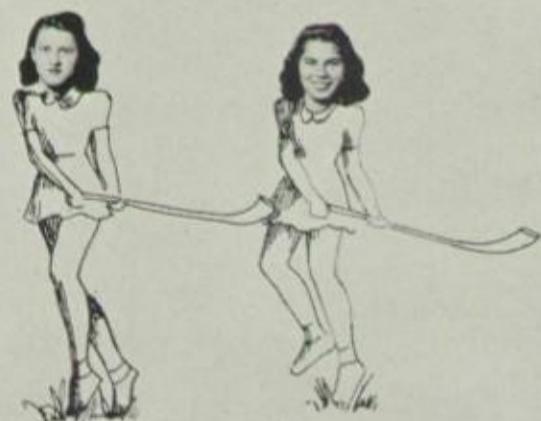
Joan Gardner
Right Halfback



Betty Whiting
Center Halfback



Alice Pasolini
Left Halfback



Edna Raymond
Right Wing

Anna Jessie
Right Inside



Dorothy Morton
Center Forward
Captain



Laura Paolletti
Left Inside



Martha Lemius
Left Wing

BULLY! BULLY!

WITH a clash of sticks and at the expense of many bruised shins, the girls of Plymouth High ushered in a new field hockey season in which there were many thrilling games frequently ending in ties. This year the team was composed entirely of seniors, who had worked patiently through their high school years toward the time when they would be worthy of a place on the team.

One of the most important positions on the team is that of goal tender, for she must assume the responsibility of saving the team from any error on the part of the defense. To Helen Whiting goes the credit for developing into one of the finest players in that position. For that matter, all the girls filled their positions gallantly and effectively, for at the close of the season they had experienced defeat only twice.

The games were exciting and hard-fought, particularly those which were played with Scituate and Middleboro, who admittedly had very good teams this year. The team, led by a most efficient captain, Dorothy Morton, deserves praise for its good sportsmanship and spirit, even when defeat was imminent.

It is interesting to note that Scituate had an undefeated, untied record until its team arrived in Plymouth for the second annual clash. It proved to be one of the most hard-fought games of the season, in which Plymouth marred its opponent's record by emerging with a tie score of one to one.

By our coach, Mrs. Beatrice Garvin, the seniors will always be remembered as the famous "tie team", for it tied four of the seven games. However, the record shows that the season can be fairly described as successful. To the girls who will wear the blue tunics next October the girls of 1941 wish the best of luck and a season that they may long remember.

HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Oct. 2	Scituate	2	Plymouth	1
Oct. 7	Norwell	0	Plymouth	3
Oct. 9	Middleboro	1	Plymouth	1
Oct. 22	Bourne	1	Plymouth	0
Nov. 1	Scituate	1	Plymouth	1
Nov. 5	Marshfield	0	Plymouth	0
Nov. 19	Middleboro	1	Plymouth	1

The game which was scheduled with the alumnae was cancelled because of snow.



INTERMURAL BASKETBALL

Front Row: Joan Gardner, Dorothy Morton, Helen Whiting, Nancy Reagan, Frances Kierstead, Martha Lemius, Margaret Brenner, Agnes Fernandes
Second Row: Florinda Leal, Doris Bergonzini, Marcia Brooks, Anna Scotti, Mary Mulcahy, Dena Rossi, Mary Goddard, and Marie Martinelli
Third Row: Betsy McCosh, Lois Jesse, Barbara Jones, Barbara Sherman, Janice Knight, Eleanor Nicoli, Rose Brigida, Jean Boutin, and Janice Cavicchi

NEW BASKETBALL PROGRAM

The Plymouth High girls have enjoyed a basketball program for some fifteen years. Originally organized as an intra-mural program, a squad of twenty players soon represented the school in inter-scholastic games. Practising at Memorial Hall and the Armory, the girls passed through cycles of undefeated seasons and through other winters of competition that meant building back to more successful schedules. This group grew to the point where first and second varsity as well as class games were played by the forty girls who reported. When the new building became our playing field, a problem of ninety girls and three practice days meant the introduction of a modern program. To all interested girls is extended the opportunity for weekly technique and practice games, and then the playing in class groups among their own school squads. That those of su-



perior ability should not lose the opportunity of meeting girls of other schools, observing their plays and spirit, an invitation is extended to the Alumnae and other schools to come to the Plymouth gymnasium for Play Day competition. The day is so named to designate it as an effort to promote all the worthwhile points of competition, and this year girls came from Middleboro, Hingham, and Bourne.

A team of eight players is selected from each class squad and an inter-school game afternoon finds seventy girls playing in both gymnasiums—happy at seeing the results of their own play improvement, but quick to acknowledge superiority in their opponents. When undergraduate squads are fortunate enough to win many of their games, they are immediately challenged by the necessity of seeing to it that they retain their speed and skill in order to succeed against the same opponents the next year. The afternoon ends with school cheers and refreshments, the visiting team leaving with friendly thanks and promises to return another season.



Cat: Having nine lives, I will die nine times.

Frog: That's nothing. I croak every minute.

Nit: I hear that fish is a good brain food.

Wit: Oh, I eat just oodles and oodles of fish.

Nit: Well, there's another good theory shot to pieces.

"Water attracts electricity."

"Have you made tests to prove it?"

"Yes, every time I'm in the bathtub the telephone rings."

Teacher: If you could do it, Tommy, what would you invent?

Tommy: Something that would do my lesson if I just pressed a button, ma'am.

Teacher: You lazy boy! Now, Billy, you are not so lazy. What would you invent?

Billy: Something to press the button, ma'am.

"Father," said a minister's son, "my teacher says the 'collect' and 'congregate' mean the same thing. Do they?"

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Son: Yes, father.

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Son: Yes, father, but, as I've broken my promise, you needn't keep yours.

First Demon: Ha, ha, ha!

Second: Why the laugh?

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